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WHO SHOULD OWN THE MOON?

In color: THE CHRISTIAN FAMILY

e Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families May 1958

Have Boating Fun, But Play It Safe

By Frank G. Clement

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The Midmonth Magazine for Methodist Families

"Is thy heart right, as my heart is with thine? . . Dost thou love and serve God? It is enough. I give thee the right hand of fellowship."

John Wesley (1703-1791)

MAY 15, 1958 *Vol. 2, No. 5*

Litany for Modern Man	Norman Cousins	1
What Is Prayer?	James Montgomery	2
God Answers by Littles	Bishop Herbert Welch	9
Who Should Own the Moon?	Sir Leslie Munro	10
Readerviews by Dr. John P. Hagen, Senator John Sparkman, and Bishop Marvin A. Franklin		12
The Coal Passer Was a Preacher	Don S. Fleming	14
Boy Meets Teddy	Harry F. Rieseberg	17
They 'Pioneered' a Parsonage	(Pictorial)	18
What's What About Car Dating?	Evelyn Duvall	22
Safe Driver Prayer	Ruby Jones	24
The Faith of Shep	Joel F. Overholser	25
Unusual Methodists		27
The Words That Didn't Die	Ruth Clark	28
They Call Them 'Methodist Cows'	Lewis Nordyke	31
Again—We Thank You!		34
The Christian Family	(Color Pictorial)	35
So Your Son's Been Called Up!	Paul K. McFee	43
Have Boating Fun, But Play It Safe	Frank G. Clement	47
Don't Flirt With Disaster		49
He Makes His Toys to Order	Esther Yandt	60
Mission in the Mohawk	(Pictorial)	63
News of the World Parish		7, 66
Crusade to Cuba		75

OTHER FEATURES AND DEPARTMENTS

Letters	3	*Browsing in Fiction*	56
Teens Together	45	*Dr. Nall's Column*	57
Looks at Movies	46	*Small Fry*	58
Spiritual Efficiency	30	*Methodist Almanack*	68
Light Unto My Path	50	*Shopping Together*	72
Looks at Books	52	*Let's Get Acquainted*	74

Fine way to visit your relatives! Eugene Pownall of Economy, Ind., took this photo of the Moose, Wyo., Pownalls, together with his own three-year-old daughter, Cynthia, while vacationing last summer in Grand Teton National Park. He used a Kodak Pony 828, Kodak K 828 film, camera lens open at 1/100 and set at f 5.6.

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Litany for Modern Man

By NORMAN COUSINS

Editor, *Saturday Review*

MAY, 1958

SAN FRANCISCO Area *NEWS* Edition / Together

Stockton Host to Conference, June 10-15

Stockton again will become the center of California-Nevada Methodist activities June 10-15, with the annual session of conference on College of the Pacific campus.

The meetings will begin officially with communion service at 10 a.m. Tuesday and run until late Sunday afternoon when Bishop Tippett reads the pastoral appointments.

Approximately one dozen California-Nevada Conference churches now are eligible to elect one additional conference lay member. These are churches served by more than one full-time minister who is a conference member in full connection. The change originated in this conference, was approved by the 1956 General Conference and received overwhelming approval in annual conference voting. The Council of Bishops recently canvassed votes and declared the measure effective.

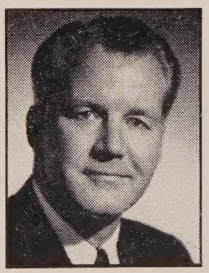
Bob Handsaker Photo

In thanks for eight years as conference lay leader, Dr. Lloyd M. Bertholf was given a gold miner's pan, and nuggets, by Methodist Men of Sacramento-Nevada District. Some 275 men scratched their names on the pan. From left are Col. Frank M. Paul, district lay leader; Bishop Tippett; Bertholf, and Superintendent Douglas Ewan.

Business session opening Tuesday afternoon are expected to center attention on two major considerations. One is the report of a special committee established by the 1957 conference to study conference organization, especially regarding the relationship of district superintendents and other executives to conference program. While proposals had not been fully detailed by Supplement deadline, it was expected that the committee, headed by the Rev. R. Marvin Stuart, will recommend a plan under which a conference council would co-ordinate the programs of the several conference boards and would employ all the staff, who now are employed by several boards. Whether it will recommend any redistricting was not certain.

The other major item is election of a new conference lay leader to succeed Dr. Lloyd M. Bertholf, who has held the post for eight years, along with being dean of College of the Pacific, and who this summer becomes president of Illinois Wesleyan University. The Board of Lay Activities has nominated Judge Clare N. Pettit of Parlier, who is in his second year as Fresno District lay leader. Pettit is a district judge, a farmer and in the real estate and insurance business. He has been an educator and labor relations expert.

The proposed 1958-59 conference budget will be approximately 10 per cent above this year's, the smallest increase in some time. Its largest boosts are for World Service, student work, church extension and College of the Pacific.



Dr. Tate

Guest speaker on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings will be Dr. Willis M. Tate, president of Southern Methodist University. Texas reared and educated, Dr. Tate graduated from SMU in sociology, taught school and was executive assistant to the pastor of First Church, Houston, before returning to the university in 1945.

A special evening feature on Thursday will be a dramatic interpretation of the life of St. Peter, written by Mrs. Peter Schneider, wife of a Berkeley student worker; composed by Louis Born, director of music at Trinity Church, Berkeley, and presented by several Methodist students at Pacific School of Religion.

Other program events during the week will include the Monday evening orientation banquet for ministerial candidates, at Grace Church, with a panel comprising the Rev. Robert Rankin of Chico State College, the Rev. Roy Nichols of Downs Church, Oakland, the Rev. Leon Loofbourow of Good Shepherd Church, Richmond, and the Rev. James Corson of Aldersgate Church, Chico.

A 24-hour prayer vigil will precede the opening of conference.

Speaker for Laymen's Day luncheon Friday noon at Grace Church will be Howard B. Sommers, Oregon Conference lay leader and Portland investment broker and a member of the General Board of Lay Activities.

Youth will have their day Saturday, in a program arranged by Gordon Nagai of Atwater. Speaker for the evening officer installation will be the Rev. Arthur V. Thurman of First Church, Modesto.

The Ministers Wives Association will have a "cotton coffee" Wednesday morning at Grace Church and a luncheon Friday noon at Central Church.

Bishop Tippett will lead devotions each morning in Morris Chapel and will give the sermon at the climatic worship service Sunday morning in the Civic Auditorium. At the latter, the Rev. Walter Swearengin of San Leandro will direct the massed choir, and Ed Perry will be the organist.

Historians Open Showcase

One-third of the 102 local church historians appointed so far this year in California-Nevada participated Apr. 18 in

the first annual Showcase of Church History.

Scene was San Francisco Korean Church, occupying the oldest Methodist property in California. In charge was the Rev. Frederic H. Busher of Calvary Church, San Francisco, president of the Conference Historical Society, who announced a contest in local church history writing.

Principal speaker was Dr. Rockwell Hunt, 90, of Stockton, former director of California History Foundation, who stressed that accuracy is more important than piety in keeping historical records.

Other speakers included:

The Rev. L. L. Loofbourow of Good Shepherd Church, Richmond, and conference historian, who recalled that 60 years ago three of the conference's seven districts were for foreign-speaking and that the fastest growing membership was in the Sandwich Islands (Hawaii).

The Rev. Gene Carter, Metropolitan District superintendent, who said the West Coast looks weakest religiously in membership ratios but may be the strongest section, because people become a part of their culture and do what others do unless they have strong personal dedication. He indicated that churches all over America are operating with people with insufficient dedication.

The Rev. Norman L. Conrad of Glide Church, San Francisco, who declared that the future holds continuing urbanization and better education and that to challenge the loyalties of people the church must not be afraid to try new techniques.

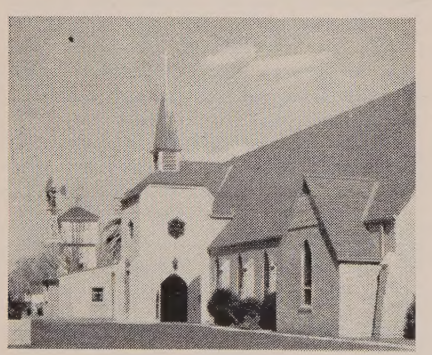
Honor Methodist Citizens

Several Methodists have been honored recently by community groups for their civic contributions during the past year. They include:

William G. Woolworth of Albany Church, given the "outstanding citizen for 1957" award by Albany Service Club Council. He is now chairman of the commission on education and a trustee.

Miss Marjorie Klein, director of youth choirs at First Church, Palo Alto, named "outstanding teacher" in Palo Alto schools by the Woman's Club.

Mrs. T. N. Calfee of St. Luke's Church, Richmond, named "woman of the year" by the city's Quota Club.



Mortgages were burned one night, and the next day, Mar. 16, Bishop Tippett dedicated this building of Dos Palos Church.

Upon their return from the Far East, Bishop and Mrs. Tippett (left) were honored at a reception by Japanese Consul General Akira Nishiyama and Mrs. Nishiyama in their San Francisco residence.

Three San Jose Methodists among the "distinguished citizens" chosen by the Exchange Club and city council. The Rev. J. Wesley Farr, pastor of First Church and leader in many conference and community groups; Kenneth J. Newfarmer, member of Calvary Church building committee and commission on stewardship and finance; Dave M. Tatsuno, chairman of the building committee at Wesley Church.

Tatsuno also, along with John Hayakawa, San Jose director of health education but a member of West Tenth Church, Oakland, received honorary life memberships from San Jose City Council of Parent-Teacher Association.

Mrs. Enid Laws of First Church, San Jose, elected Santa Clara County's "young lady of the year."

The nation's ten "outstanding young men of 1957," chosen by the Junior Chamber of Commerce, include Tom Sakamoto of the Wapato, Wash., Church. Sakamota is chairman of the church's official board and sponsor of its new young people's group. In the community he is a member of the Junior Chamber, a director of the Farm Bureau.

The conference lay member and the reserve lay member from Tracy Church have a new association—as members of the Tracy City Council.

Robert T. Monagan, the lay member and also a member of the Conference Commission on World Service and Finance, led the April voting among six candidates. Mrs. Walter Minges, the reserve, is the first woman ever elected to the council. The third new councilman is Henry J. Buthmann, who also attends The Methodist Church.

Slate Philosophy Institute

• After 10 summers at Lake Tahoe, the annual College of the Pacific Philosophy Institute will move this year to the new Methodist White Sulphur Springs Camp.

Several sections are slated from June 9 to July 4 on the subject of "What Man Can Make of Man."

A nation-wide faculty, representing widely divergent philosophical and theological positions, will lead the studies. Founder and director is the Rev. William D. Nietmann, chairman of the COP department of philosophy and a member of California-Nevada Conference.

• Two national honors came on successive days early this month for Dr. Georgia Harkness of Berkeley, a Methodist and one of the best-known women ministers.

On May 3 she received the "Church Woman of the Year" award from the interfaith Washington Pilgrimage, in Washington, D. C.

On May 4 she was the speaker on the nationwide CBS network "Church of the Air" broadcast.

Dr. Harkness is professor of applied theology at Pacific School of Religion and the author of 18 books.

• A general session plus three specialized programs will be offered this summer at Pacific School of Religion, Berkeley, beginning June 23.

Guest faculty will include Dr. Merrimon Cuninggim, dean of Perkins School of Theology.

• Though not fond of gardening, Walford C. Ferguson of Concord Church has found great enjoyment during the past year in landscape—on canvas.

When he and Mrs. Ferguson were honored Jan. 12 on their golden wedding anniversary, he had painted and framed some 50 landscapes, in his new-found hobby.

• One-fourth of the Stanford area council's Eagle Scout awards during the past year went to boys in First Church, Palo Alto, scout units.

Most recent to gain the top badge are Scott McClendon, Craig McClendon, Stuart Lindal, Bruce Lindal, George Coleman, Fred Earnhardt, David Ritchie and Robert Damask.

At Epworth Church, Berkeley, Scott Ellsworth, Jr., has gained both Eagle rank and the God and Country award. The latter was presented also to Douglas Ellinger.

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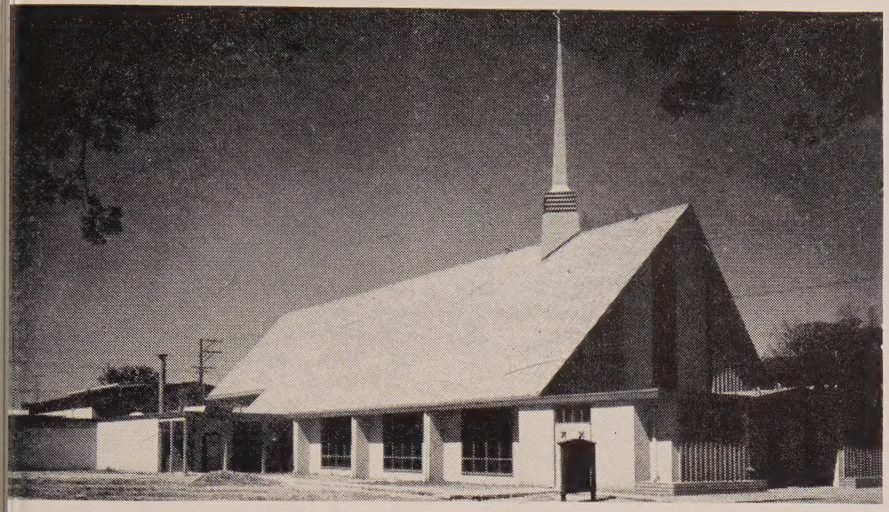


This sanctuary and other facilities were occupied Palm Sunday by St. Paul's Church, San Jose, and were consecrated May 4 by Bishop Tippett. The buildings represent three-fourths of the eventual plant and include social hall, classrooms and parlor.

Rain Fails to Slow Church Building

In spite of the seemingly endless rain, church-building programs have proceeded steadily in our conferences this spring.

March appeared to be "Nevada month," with five consecrations or dedications. Carlin, 530 miles from San Francisco, and Battle Mountain, the two "farthest out" churches in the conference, had what was believed to be the first visit by any bishop, as Bishop Tippett consecrated building additions.

The move to its first permanent unit, classrooms and temporary sanctuary, came Mar. 9 for **Wesley Church, Bakersfield,** which began double worship services the same day. Consecration of the new building by Bishop Tippett is set for June 1.

Carlin's addition is a structure including four classrooms, a fellowship hall, chapel and office, costing $11,000.

A new church library at **Carson Valley Church** in Gardnerville, Nev., was dedicated Mar. 24 by District Supt. Douglas Swan. The library, only one in the community, is a memorial to H. B. Shawe, educator, and was presented by his widow.

Renovation of the social hall at **Grace Church, Oakland,** has been largely completed, thanks to volunteer work by pledges from Alpha Tau Omega fraternity at University of California.

The new electric memorial organ at **Potter Valley Church,** bought a year ago, was dedicated May 6 by Bishop Tippett.

After several years in temporary quarters, **Easter Hill Church, Richmond,** had its first unit consecrated on Easter by Bishop Tippett. The $80,000 building includes a 200-seat chapel, social hall, nine classrooms, office and kitchen. It was first used on Christmas Sunday. The site is at 39th St. and Cutting Blvd.

The first building on the new site for **Sparks (Nev.) Church** was consecrated Mar. 31 by Bishop Tippett.

Palm Sunday was another milestone in a **San Jose** Methodist story that dates back more than a century. On that day, the congregation of **St. Paul's Church** occupied its new sanctuary and other facilities on a new site opposite the state college campus. St. Paul's Church, begun in 1851, and Centella, in 1882, merged nearly two years ago and secured the new location on San Salvador at 10th.

Ground was broken Feb. 9 for the educational unit of **First Church, Sunnyvale,** the second building on the new site. First spadeful on the $21,000 structure was turned by W. K. Hooper, who in 1903 dumped the first load of brick at the old site.

Men of **Taylorsville Church** have completed installation of mahogany veneer on the sanctuary's front wall, first step in remodeling of the chancel.

Camp Periods Announced

Forty-one camp periods have been announced for this summer by the Conference Board of Education.

Registrations are being handled by Miss Corine Christopherson, registrar, at 83 McAllister St., San Francisco 2.

Junior camps will be July 13-19 at Skylandia (Tahoe) and White Sulphur Springs; July 20-26 at Skylandia, White Sulphur Springs, Monte Toyon and Mt. Shasta; Aug. 10-16 at Millwood and Monte Toyon.

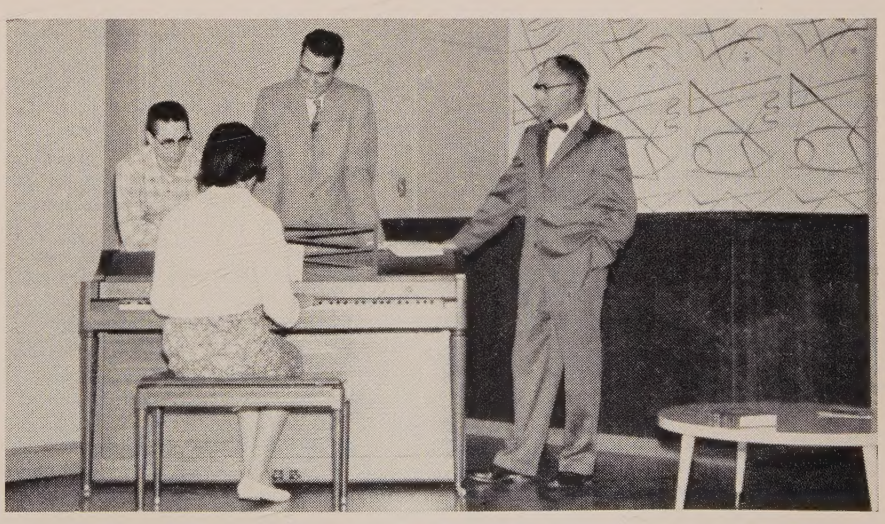
CA camps will be July 6-12 at White Sulphur Springs; July 13-19 at Shasta and Toyon; July 27-Aug. 2 at Toyon and Tahoe; Aug. 3-9 at White Sulphur Springs, Toyon and Tahoe; Aug. 10-16 at White Sulphur Springs; Aug. 17-23 and 24-29 at Redwood. Intermediates also will have pioneer outings, away from established grounds, Aug. 2-9 and 9-16 in Sugarloaf Valley and Aug. 16-23 and 23-30 at Mt. Lassen.

Institutes, increased from nine to twelve this year, will be June 28-July 5 at Monte Toyon; Aug. 9-16 at Tahoe and Shasta, plus a pioneer camp in the high Sierras; Aug. 16-23 at Tahoe, Sierra and White Sulphur Springs, plus a worship and fine arts camp at Monte Toyon; Aug. 23-30 at Tahoe, Sierra, Toyon and White Sulphur Springs.

For Wesley Fellowshipers will be a Yosemite trail camp July 14-24, older youth weekend at Monte Toyon Aug. 30-Sept. 1 and the WF regional camp at Skylake (Lake Tahoe) Aug. 31-Sept. 6.

A student regional, arranged nationally rather than by the conference, will be Aug. 30-Sept. 5 on Lake Tahoe.

Family camps are slated for July 26-Aug. 2 at White Sulphur Springs and Aug. 2-9 at Camp Sierra. The Epworth Fellowship camp, for adults with grown families, will be Sept. 30-Oct. 3 at Mission Springs.



Next to the snack bar in the high-school room of Napa Church's new youth building are Daryl Dizmang; Sally Bould, high-school MYF president; Richard Maier, Redwood Empire District MYF president, and Harry Tranmer, youth director. The $164,000 building was consecrated Apr. 17 by Bishop Tippett. Building chairman was Mrs. Dennis Paterson.

General chairman for the Christian Youth in Government Seminar was Edwina Parsons (right) of First Church, Sacramento, aided by Margaret Gibson of the Christian Church and Larry Masterson, Presbyterian. About 175 high-school students attended the meetings.

Youth Study Government

Some 175 high-school students and adult leaders took part in the Mar. 31-Apr. 2 Christian Youth in Government Seminar at Sacramento—aimed at arousing awareness of Christian responsibility in and for good government, through knowledge of governmental functions.

A Methodist girl will be general chairman of the interdenominational event for the second consecutive year, it was decided.

The 1959 seminar will be planned by Miss Sharon Foote of Asbury Church, Del Paso Heights, a junior at Sacramento State College. She succeeds Miss Edwina Parsons of First Church, Sacramento.

As the keynote speaker, the Rev. Robert W. Moon of San Leandro declared, "Government should put integrity above expediency, people above property, and God above man." He added that "government exists to do for us what we can't do so well ourselves. It is the servant of the people; the people are not servants of the state."

RIDING . . .

THE CIRCUIT

Articles in recent issues of national magazines include those written by Mrs. Harlan Mann of Trinity Church, Bakersfield, in *Library Journal,* and by E. Earl Saunders, student at Pacific School of Religion, in *Roundtable.*

Among the 100 participants in the 12 annual Methodist Minister's Seminar in Washington, D. C., this spring was the Rev. Hamilton T. Boswell of Jones Church, San Francisco. The seminar provides ministers resource contacts in national and international affairs. It is sponsored by the General Board of Education.

Recent parsonage arrivals include Carol June, born Jan. 5 to the Rev. and Mrs. Robert C. Hill of Biggs.

David Brown of Tulare has been accepted by the International Christian Youth Exchange to spend a year in study abroad, living in a European home. A young person from the same country will come to Tulare to study and live with David's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Brown.

Recent Church staff additions include Mrs. Virginia Curtis as director of education at Central Church, Stockton.

A trophy for winning every game this year in the Hayward City League has been presented to the college-age basketball team from First Church. Manager is Johnny Johnson.

Wedding anniversaries were celebrated by Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Clayworth of Central Church, Stockton, 60 years on Feb. 27; Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Bowers of Exeter, 55 years in March; Mr. and Mrs. Kell R. Jenkins of St. Luke's Church, Richmond, 50 years on Mar. 23; the Rev. and Mrs. Rae Underwood of Wesley Church, Modesto, 50 years on Dec. 8; Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Kinder of San Leandro, 50 years on Jan. 1.

Methodists who have recently been elected to high offices in state-wide organizations include Dr. Stanley A. Hinkley of First Church, Modesto, president of the California State Optometrists Association; Mrs. A. J. Flegal of First Church, Oakland, as state director of Christian citizenship for Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Northern California; Ernest E. Greenough of Merced, secretary of California Temperance Federation.

Tickets were sold out a week ahead for the ninth annual fashion show at Yreka, Mar. 15, which this year became a project of the entire Yreka Church. The luncheon and show, attended by more than 400, were formerly sponsored by a church women's group.

Bishop Tippett has announced the appointment of Jack Stormont as supply pastor at Mendota.

Mrs. Kirihara WSCS Head

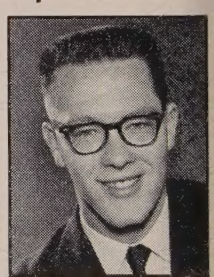
Mrs. James Kirihara of Grace Church, Livingston, was re-elected president of the Pacific Japanese Provisional Conference Nisei Woman's Society of Christian Service at the eighth annual meeting Apr. 12 in West Los Angeles.

Others elected for the coming year are Mrs. Masuo Akiyama of Spokane, vice-president; Mrs. Akira Shimoguchi of Palo Alto, recording secretary; Mrs. Eleanore Toi of Palo Alto, treasurer; Mrs. Mike Morizono of Oakland, promotion; Mrs. Hiram Akita of Seattle, missionary education and service; Mrs. Esau Shimizu of San Jose, Christian social relations; Mrs. Don Iwahashi of San Francisco, spiritual life; Mrs. Nagao Fujita of Oxnard, children's work; Mrs. Ken Iwagaki of San Jose, youth work; Mrs. Hide Oda of Oakland, literature and publications; Miss Sachi Kajiwara of Oakland, Wesleyan Service Guild.

Miss Mary Nishimoto of Oakland, past secretary of the guild, was presented a life membership.

Name Fellowship Leaders

Mr. Ernst



Mr. Lynn

Presidents of California-Nevada Conference youth groups for the coming year are Jim Lynn for Youth Fellowship and Dick Ernst for Wesley Fellowship. Lynn, 20, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Orrien K. Lynn of Burlingame, a sophomore at College of the Pacific and plans to enter the ministry. Ernst, 20, the son of Dr. and Mrs. Karl Ernst of Temple, San Francisco, is a junior at San Francisco State College.

I am a single cell in a body of 2 billion cells. The body is mankind.

I glory in the individuality of self, but my individuality does not separate me from my universal self—the oneness of man.

My memory is personal and finite, but my substance is boundless and infinite.

The portion of that substance that is mine was not devised; it was renewed. So long as the human bloodstream lives I have life.

I do not believe that humankind is an excrescence or a machine, or that the myriads of solar systems and galaxies in the universe lack order or sanction.

I may not embrace or command this universal order, but I can be at one with it, for I am of it.

I believe that the expansion of knowledge makes for expansion of faith, and the widening of the horizons of mind for a widening of belief. My reason nourishes my faith and my faith my reason.

I am not diminished by the growth of knowledge but by the denial of it.

I am not oppressed by, nor do I shrink before, the apparent boundaries in cosmos.

I see no separation between the universal and the moral order.

I cannot affirm God if I fail to affirm man. If I deny the oneness of man, I deny the oneness of God. Therefore I affirm both. Without a belief in human unity I am hungry and incomplete.

Human unity is the fulfillment of diversity. It is the harmony of opposites. It is a many-stranded texture, with color and depth.

The sense of human unity makes possible a reverence for life.

Reverence for life is more than solicitude or sensitivity for life. It is a sense of the whole, a capacity for wonder, a respect for the intricate universe of individual life. It is the supreme awareness of awareness itself. It is pride in being.

I am a single cell. My needs are individual but they are not unique.

When I enter my home I enter with the awareness that my roof can only be half built and my table only half set, for half the men on this earth know the emptiness of want.

When I walk through the streets of my city I walk with the awareness of the shattered cities beyond number that comprise the dominant reality.

When I think of peace I can know no peace until the peace is real.

My dedication, therefore, is to the cause of man in the attainment of that which is within the reach of man.

I will work for human unity under a purposeful peace. I will work for the growth of a moral order that is in keeping with the universal order.

In this way do I affirm faith in life and life in faith.

I am a single cell in a body of 2 billion cells. The body is mankind.

WHAT IS PRAYER?

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

James Montgomery, 1771-1854
(Excerpt from a Favorite Poem, submitted by Mae Walker, Evansville, Indiana)

Selected Bits from Your

Letters

'Helping Hands' Brought Tears

CAROL HOMAN
Ladysmith, Wis.

While I was reading Carlos P. Romulo's article, *Bridge of Helping Hands* [March, page 30], tears came to my eyes, and I cried all the way through it. I wish everyone in the world could read that selection, and get the feeling out of it that I did. I know there have been other similar examples of generosity, but we rarely hear of them. I'm glad that TOGETHER has made this story available for us to read.

You are doing such a tremendous job that I hope the magazine will spread to other lands, and the people there will learn there are lots of good Americans with the Christian spirit. You will never know how much your magazine has helped millions and millions of readers.

Easter Egg Tree Sheds Light

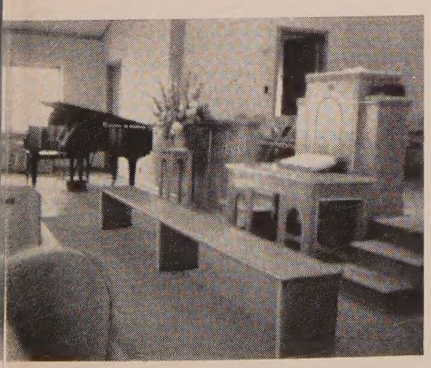
MRS. JAMES SWEARINGEN
Groton, N.Y.

I was fascinated by Wilma Treiber Cymbala's article, *The Fabulous Easter Egg* [March, page 74]. Never had I stopped to think why we color eggs at Easter. With three small children (the oldest three) it is hard to explain the Resurrection in words. So we made an Easter Egg Tree, with pictures of events that happened from Palm Sunday to the glorious Resurrection. It has given Easter a new meaning in our lives.

Mourner's Bench Still Used

ROY H. SHORT, *Bishop*
The Methodist Church
Nashville, Tenn.

Your recent color feature on "modern" Methodist churches [February, page 35], reminds me . . . of the attractive new



St. James Church [above] I dedicated in Chattanooga. One of the interesting things there is that they have included a mourners' bench the way Methodist churches did long ago. It is a beautiful piece of woodwork.

So it doth seem that a few of our churches are still contributing to our Methodist diversity!

Mourners' benches are a part of Methodist Americana. They date back to days when revival meetings were popular and seats near the front were reserved for penitent sinners or "mourners." Hence the colloquial expression still in use: "anxious seat."—EDS.

Dr. Peale Answered Question

GINNY THOMPSON
Great Falls, Mont.

The other morning at our MYF's Lenten Breakfast, I was looking through TOGETHER and came across Norman Vincent Peale's article, *Where Are Our Loved Ones After Death?* [March, page 9]. That question is one I've had in my mind for a long time, and I think Dr. Peale has answered it for me.

Is God 'Author of Evil'?

G. CARROLL GRIDLEY
Libertyville, Ill.

I hope there will be a torrential hail of disapproval voiced by the ministry, the medical profession, and by all thinking students of the Bible to the statement by Norman Vincent Peale that "The gospel of Christ tells us that death is a natural experience in the love of God."

From this statement one would conclude that God is the author of evil and sorrow, and would be in full agreement with the bitterness toward Him that is held by those who are bereaved in the belief that God ordained, had part in, or condoned an accident, disease, or other cause of a loved one's death.

The Right to Join or Not

MRS. JAMES EMISON
Huntington, Ind.

Dr. Richmond Barbour states that college sororities are undemocratic [February, page 43]. On the contrary, college fraternities and sororities represent one of our country's basic freedoms—"freedom of association." A college fraternity is a social, not a civil, organization, and a young person has the right to join or not to join. It is strictly voluntary. Because of this, the fraternity has the right to choose its

1/2

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own members - as does any social organization—in accordance with its own standards set up by democratic processes.

Fraternity Publicity 'Refreshing'

ROY C. CLARK, *Exec. Sec.*
Acacia Fraternity
Evanston, Ill.

In these days when the general press is apparently so eager to publicize and distort incidents that occasionally arise, it is refreshing to have publicity given to the side of the picture that fraternity leaders know is the real one. It is my feeling that TOGETHER has done a real service to the fraternity system with Gordon Gould's *Hell Week's Gone* [March, page 20]. We who are in active fraternity work are greatly indebted to you!

Going, Going, But Not Gone!

RICHARD W. NUTT
Methodist Chaplain
The Pennsylvania State University
State College, Pa.

The article *Hell Week's Gone*, by Gordon Gould, seems to have fallen short in its journalistic stature on two counts. First, in its conclusion that Hell Weeks are gone. Second, in its accuracy of reporting incidents on the various campuses.

Much as I would like to agree with Mr. Gould, my nearly ten years' experience as chaplain to students on two state university campuses does not indicate that Hell Weeks are gone. The student editor of our *Daily Collegian* is quite right in suggesting the more appropriate title, "Hell Week's Going—But Not Fast Enough."

Phillips Brooks or H. G. Wells?

MARION J. CREEGER, *Exec. Sec.*
General Commission on Chaplains
Washington, D.C.

I have noted with much interest the beautiful setting you gave *One Solitary Life* [December, page 1] . . .

With respect to authorship of the text, the matter is still uncertain. At the time it was originally reproduced with the picture of Christ by Sallman, a professional literary search was made for its origin, but without success. I personally thought it sounded like something from Phillips Brooks, or H. G. Wells' *Outline of History,* but so far it remains unidentified.

It's Ingersoll's Style

ROBERT A. VANDERPYL
Lake Villa, Ill.

I note in TOGETHER [March, page 4] that you are continuing your research to try to ascertain the author of *One Solitary Life.*

This will doubtless shock a lot of people, because it is not generally supposed that the person I believe to be the author would write on such a subject. But I am convinced that this was written by the late Robert G. Ingersoll. *One Solitary Life* just reeks of Ingersoll's style. I have never run across anything written in this particular style which was not from the pen of Ingersoll.

I hope he did write it, but I also hope that, if so, it shall never be discovered. The credit is more properly due some great soul who would have liked to but couldn't write it, rather than a man so undeserving of the respect that article engenders in every Christian heart.

Critic of 'Disciples' Answered

MRS. A. A. BUSH
Childress, Texas

When I was a child we once had a Negro mammy who said of a very caustic person, "Honey chile, shore don't worry about anything that woman says. She does the best she can by her lights, but her candle just about done gone out." So don't you worry about the reader who criticized Sune Richards' portraits of men representing the 12 disciples (October, page 34). He just needs a new light 'cause his "candle just about done gone out."

Why Not Tolerance in Art?

MRS. JAMES REYNOLDS
St. Paul, Minn.

My only criticism about TOGETHER would be of those who criticize your magazine, or should I say *our* magazine. Must we all like the same art, literature, etc.? Most of the people who criticize sound intolerant. One lady complains about *Scenes From the Life of Christ* [by artists of India, December, page 35]. Did she expect Christ on the cross to be anything but gruesome? Another complains about the photographs of *The Twelve Disciples.* Was da Vinci the only one who had an idea of what the disciples looked like? Let's have more tolerance!

Yes, "our" is better, Mrs. Reynolds. And we think you're right about da Vinci, too.—EDS.

Christ . . . 'Central Fact'

GALEN L. MILLER
Blue Island, Ill.

Roy L. Smith concludes his article, *The Resurrection, Rock of Our Faith* [March, page 47], with the statement, "The Resurrection is the central fact of our Christian faith." Surely this is not so. The central fact of the Christian faith is Jesus of Nazareth.

But, of course, the Resurrection is only a part of that larger area, the problem of the miraculous in the New

For wives who worry about their husbands

Been wondering what in the world's gotten into your husband lately? So cranky, so jumpy, so restless? Used to sleep like a top, didn't he? But now . . .

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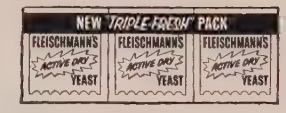
Harper cook wins in first competition

Texas Mother Wins Cooking Awards

Mrs. Henry Esquell got her first taste of cooking competition at the Gillespie County Fair last fall. And she took not one . . . not two . . . but *three* awards! Among her admirers are her children—and of course the three youngest get to hold her awards.

Mrs. Esquell is new to competition, but not to cooking . . . nor to the advantages of Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast. "It's so dependable," she says. "And it keeps for months."

Are you making yeast-raised specialties at home these days? Use Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast—the very best. Fleischmann's is faster rising, and so easy to keep handy. This dry yeast stays fresh for months on your shelf. Get Fleischmann's Active Dry Yeast for yeast-treats . . . and for the new Main Dishes, too. You'll find a recipe on every "Thrifty Three."



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Testament. And Dr. Smith would have us do the very thing to which Jesus himself so often objected; namely, believe in him because of a "sign." Instead, it was the deep desire of Jesus' heart that he be accepted because of the obvious truths he proclaimed.

He's 86, He's Optimistic

GODFREY LENTHOLD
Bucyrus, Ohio

I am past 86 years. Have just finished reading Everett W. Palmer's *The best is yet to be . . .* [January, page 43]. I think it is excellent. I am thankful to the author and grateful for TOGETHER having published it.

Mixed Marriages & Methodists

SAM KEYES
New Orleans, La.

I was gratified to read *Urge Halt to Mixed Marriages* [March, page 69]. Why hasn't Methodist education and guidance included a stern objection before now?

Try painting the picture of a father, bound to a previous contract, who cannot take his son to the church Father-Son Banquet. Also, picture the question mark in a little girl's face as she asks, "Daddy, why don't we all go to church together this Sunday?" Or the child who says, "Mother, why do you and Daddy never pray together?"

Readers interested in this problem are referred to Bishop H. Clifford Northcott's article, If My Daughter Should Want to Marry a Catholic [*November, 1956, page 27*]. *Reprints at 50¢ per dozen or $2.25 per hundred are available from* TOGETHER's *Business Office, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11. And the pamphlet,* Mixed Marriages, *may be ordered from Service Department, Methodist Board of Education, Box 871, Nashville 2, Tenn., if accompanied by cash payment at 15¢ per dozen or 50¢ per hundred.*—EDS.

Letters Bring 'Increasing Dismay'

MRS. RICHARD A. GREER
Henderson, N. Y.

I have read with increasing dismay the comments of readers concerning the pictures and articles appearing in TOGETHER . . . and thoroughly disagree with the pastor who thinks the magazine is not Christ-centered.

It presents articles so that even we simple folks can see the wonders of Christ and the need for his guidance in our daily lives. Perhaps we don't know theology and could never learn it as well as the pastor, but we do see daily events so we are part of them and are able to learn from them. Didn't Jesus give us many of our teachings in parables, so people could better understand his message?

Together / NEWSLETTER

A-BOMB PROTESTS MOUNT. In this and other countries churchmen are rallying against large-scale bomb tests. Methodists are prominently identified with them. (See also page 66). Their immediate target: cancellation of U.S. Pacific tests. Eventual goal: world-wide agreement to limit or outlaw testing. Strongly worded statements have come from 140 leading Protestant clergymen, including seven Methodist bishops, Presbyterian boards of education, Pacific islanders, and Quakers. Leaders of the Woman's Division of Christian Service, representing 1.8 million Methodist women, blasted the nation's "inflexible" disarmament position. And they urged 31,000 local societies to study the issues.

METHODISTS URGE RECESSION RESTRAINT. Don't fight the recession with short-term solutions, warns the Board of Social and Economic Relations. Major deficit spending now, simply to keep the economy spiraling upward, will mortgage the future of others yet unborn, the board says. In other resolutions at its recent semi-annual meeting, the 46-member body declared its opposition to right-to-work laws, urged Congress to place space exploration under civilian control, and warned against some practices of Congressional investigating committees.

CHURCH SEEKS CAREER MANPOWER. How The Methodist Church can attract more young people for full-time careers will be explored this month by recruitment personnel from 12 boards and agencies. This group also wants to find ways to co-ordinate the church's recruiting program. (Watch June TOGETHER for special feature, Opportunities for Christian Service.)

FOOD CRISIS JOINS FAITHS. U.S. Protestants and Roman Catholics are entering a partnership unique in church-sponsored foreign relief work. They will work together to distribute 50 million pounds of surplus U.S. food annually on Formosa. Some 350,000 impoverished Formosans will get rations one month from Protestant centers, the next from Catholic. There are 250 Catholic and 700 Protestant churches on the island. Until now, world-wide agencies of the two faiths have distributed aid separately.

SEES SECOND PROTESTANT REFORMATION. So many big changes are in the offing in the Atomic Age that they are bound to transform the Church, predicts Dr. Stanley I. Stuber, general secretary, Kansas City (Mo.) Council of Churches. He foresees radical shifts, not only in theology, but in most of the practical ways and means of applying the Christian message.

NEW PUBLIC COUNSELING CENTER. Hoosier Methodists are pioneering a large-scale program to help people of all faiths within a 50-mile radius of Fort Wayne, Ind. Five Methodist ministers and 10 specialists are on hand one afternoon and evening a week to discuss marital relations, mental illness, legal, and other problems.

(For more church news see page 66)

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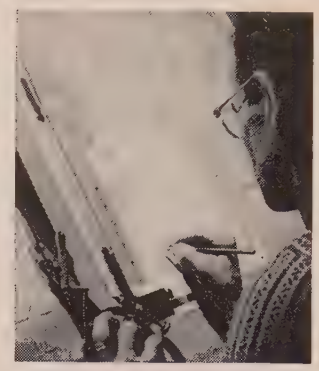

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A Teen-Ager's Guide to Personal Success

By Erma Paul Ferrari. Here are answers to the basic problems that young people face today—how to be popular, how to act on a date, how to make important decisions about college, vocation, and religion. The answers to these problems mean personal success to the teen-ager—success for today and for the future. This sound and practical book answers these questions and others, in language the young people can understand. Today's youth will discover in these pages a guide to self-understanding—to objective, considerate thinking. 128 pages.
(AP) ..... *postpaid*, **$2.00**

Dangerous Fathers, Problem Mothers and Terrible Teens

By Carlyle Marney. This is a book for mothers, fathers, sons and daughters. With a popular literary style and a sound basis for the subject matter, the author reveals some very surprising kinds of fathers and mothers that are detrimental to happy family life. Information about the modern teen-age world will be beneficial to all teen-agers and their sometimes bewildered parents. This book will help people grow into a deeper and richer understanding of themselves and other family members. (AP) . . *postpaid*, **$2.00**

The Art of Dating

By Evelyn Millis Duvall in collaboration with Joy Duvall Johnson. Dr. Duvall answers the hundreds of questions that thousands of teen-agers (and college students) have posed to her during lectures from coast to coast . . . in greater detail than is possible in the wide scope of facts. Here teens will find ethically and psychologically sound—and plain spoken—answers to all these familiar problems of dating. This book is jam-packed with the information teenagers are seeking.
(YM) ..... *postpaid*, **$2.50**

Our Family Worships at Home

By Anna Laura and Edward W. Gebhard. How to make worship in the home a reality is appealingly presented in this book of 49 devotion-discussions for families with children over nine years old. These discussions illustrate how family worship can be developed from questions children ask, and are very important to them. This book will provide a starting point for all who share in the responsibility for family religious growth to achieve even closer family relationship and even greater spiritual nurture. Includes Bible references, prayers, appropriate hymns. 128 pages.
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By Helen and Larry Eisenberg. Ever run dry of ideas for hearty family fun that youngsters, teens and grown-ups can enjoy together? This book will give you new ideas for entertaining your family and your friends, to get better acquainted and have more fun. In ten chapters you will find quiet games, playroom games, fun in the yard and family fun away from home. An excellent book to help you enjoy life more. Cloth binding.
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God Answers By Littles

Methodism's oldest bishop looks back over 95 years and finds the key to meaningful living in one word: faith!

By BISHOP HERBERT WELCH

AT 95, I FIND THIS a strangely mixed world; a compound of the beautiful with the weird and grotesque and even the ugly. It contains the easy and the hard; the safe and the perilous. It is quite evidently a home for humanity but is not meant as a nursery for the coddling of perpetual infants; not fitted just for ease and comfort and security, but for watchfulness, work, struggle, and hardship, and for suffering as a normal part of a full life. These are all a part of God's plan, it seems clear to me, and all things do "work together for good."

Looking back over so many years, I'm impressed by the fact that changes and progress come slowly. We like advance to happen fast. We would hurry God. "How long, O Lord, how long?" we cry. "Send us a miracle. Wipe out the forces of evil now. Give us peace in *our* time." *But God answers by littles.*

A few revolutions, a few sudden breaks for freedom; but for the most part the fundamental and permanent reforms, the marches toward justice and brotherhood, are by inches rather than by miles. When I see a good cause moving with exasperating slowness, I now can be almost contented, provided it is moving in the right direction.

From nature, I've learned a lesson of diversity. In evolution, the higher the form, the greater the divergence in shape or size or color. Nature tends toward ever-increasing variety, and whatever unity nature is to possess must be found not in sameness but in diversity. And if, in God's plan for the integration of humanity, nature is at all to be our guide, then the thing we shall seek is not uniformity but unity in diversity.

More and more clearly as the years pass, I see that all the truth is not with any of us. We're still like the old comparison: we're like children playing with shells on the seashore while the boundless ocean of truth stretches out beyond. It needs many and diverse fragments to bring out the pattern of the whole.

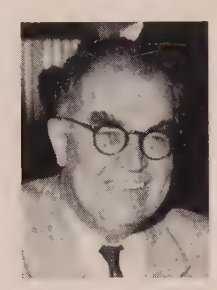
Men ask, "How do you account for so much wickedness in the world? What is the origin of evil?" We might to more purpose ask, "How do you account for so much goodness in the world —so much kindness, courage, integrity, unselfishness? What is the source of good?"

I like to think that no matter how humble we may be, God does bother with us enough to direct our steps. I used to feel out in the Orient sometimes a curious sense of direction. I did go sometimes into a particular city where I had no particular errand, just on the round of official visitations, to find that there was a situation existing that did call for my presence at that particular time. And I used to get a feeling as if I were a pawn being moved around by some hand, some power not my own. And I was delighted to think that I could be used in playing the game even when I didn't have enough knowledge or wisdom, as it might be, to choose my own course. My comfort is to know that God not only was, but is, "not far from every one of us."

And so at 95 I give you my working creed: "God's wisdom, power, and love are supreme. All life and all good work are sacred. All men are brothers. God is behind the history of mankind; loving service is the secret of lasting joy."

A new era of space exploration is opening. Soon claims will be staked out. First big question:

Who Should Own The Moon?



By SIR LESLIE MUNRO

Ambassador from New Zealand and President, UN General Assembly.

WITH SATELLITES circling our wondering world, with space travel within our reach, we must face up now to these two questions:

FIRST, who will control the space overhead and its traffic?

SECOND, who will have sovereignty over the celestial bodies?

Last year, they were of theoretical concern, but today they have urgency. The welfare of man and perhaps even peace among nations depend upon their solution.

Ancient Roman laws evolved the principle that land ownership carried dominion to the air over it. It had little point, however, until the Wright brothers demonstrated that man could fly.

After World War I, absolute sovereignty over airspace came to be recognized in the Paris Convention for the Regulation of Air Navigation (1919), which declared that ". . . every power has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the airspace above its territory."

In December, 1944, toward the end of World War II, a Convention on International Civil Aviation provided that "every state has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the airspace above its territory," and that "no aircraft capable of being flown without a pilot shall be flown without a pilot over the territory of a contracting state without special authorization by that state and in accordance with the terms of such authorization."

This agreement has been ratified by 69 nations. So it seems well established in international law that every state has sovereignty over the airspace above its territory. But what of the space beyond—*outer* space?

There seems to be general recognition that sovereignty over airspace does not extend higher. We have not heard any protests, for instance, that the firing of satellites violates the sovereignty of the states over which they pass.

The problem is to decide where airspace ends and outer space begins.

One proposal is that airspace be understood as that part of the atmosphere which contains enough air to lift aircraft. It also has been suggested that sovereignty extend upward to 300 miles, the part lying above airspace to be designated "contiguous space." Still another proposal would have sovereignty to the limits of all flight.

Most of those who have expressed views on this, however, tend to the theory that outer space should be excluded from national sovereignty for such reasons as the difficulty of defining areas in outer space which would correspond to the territory of a state on the earth. Those who hold this view usually suggest that outer space should be made subject to a legal order similar to that applying to the high seas.

BUT what about celestial bodies? Who will own them? Will the crews of the first spaceships claim sovereignty for their governments over these bodies? If so, will the rules of international law regarding discovery and occupation, conquest and cession, apply?

With new lands on earth, discovery alone has not generally given sovereignty, though it has strengthened a title based upon occupancy. In the

case of Peru and Mexico, for example, discovery brought annexation followed by settlement, and Spain's sovereignty was accepted by other nations.

International law has been expanded in recent centuries, of course. But even today we have imprecision about territorial claims on areas which cannot be occupied, such as the Antarctic regions. Here we find conflicting discovery claims on huge areas which, until recent years, have had scant continuous occupation. My own country, New Zealand, for example, is one of several that has advanced such claims.

The U.S., however, recognizes no claims to sovereignty in Antarctica and has made no claims itself. When Charles Evans Hughes was secretary of state in 1924, Norway made claims following Amundsen's discoveries, and Hughes observed:

"Today, if an explorer is able to ascertain the existence of lands still unknown to civilization, his act of so-called discovery, coupled with a formal taking of possession would have no significance, save as he might herald the advent of the settler; and where for climatic or other reasons actual settlement would be an impossibility, as in the case of the polar regions, such conduct on his part would afford frail support for a reasonable claim of sovereignty.

"I am therefore compelled to state, without now adverting to other considerations, that this government cannot admit that such taking of possession as a discoverer by Mr. Amundsen of areas explored by him could establish the basis of rights of sovereignty in the polar regions . . ."

Not all governments will accept Hughes' position—a fact which accentuates the need for reaching concurrence among nations on basic principles as we enter the new age. Rules we have accepted for normally habitable lands may not apply to Antarctica; certainly they are inapplicable to outer space and distant planets.

OLD concepts of sovereignty and of law of discovery are not suitable for the universe. We need a new way of thinking, based upon the new interdependence of human beings as they face today's conditions.

Traffic of spaceships must also be subjected to some legal order. Here, grave questions arise as to the applicability of present laws, both national and international, regarding aircraft and seagoing vessels. But we have the law of the sea because nations met to work out their problems and it seems only reasonable that they will get together and do the same to outer space.

This view finds support in the fact that a scientific conference on atomic energy was held in Geneva last year. Nations also are co-operating and have agreed to exchange information on the project known as the International Geophysical Year.

When scientists create a device which can take us into outer space, its peaceful use must be assured through some program of international control. And the benefits must be shared by all nations.

Urgency underscores consideration of the problems created by man's conquest of space. And the UN General Assembly is, I believe, the proper forum for necessary discussion. It should be started soon—certainly not later than the session next September.

Failure to grapple with the issues would surely lead to spatial anarchy. The astounding satellite development, led by the Russians, opens vistas to new fields of knowledge, indeed of access to the moon and perhaps eventually to the stars. All men of good will must join to make certain that progress in international toleration and understanding is not permitted to lag behind our advances in science.

Dr. Arnold Toynbee, the distinguished historian, spoke profoundly when he declared:

"Man's intellectual and technological achievements have been important to him, not in themselves, but only in so far as they have forced him to face, and grapple with, moral issues which he might have managed to go on shirking. Modern science has thus raised moral issues of profound importance, but it has not and could not have made any contribution toward solving them."

This is a moment for humility, but also for hope because all secrets wrested from nature should benefit all humanity. That is the true significance of man-made satellites.

Now turn the page for

READERVIEWS

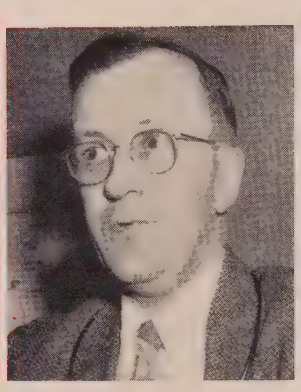
from

A SCIENTIST

A STATESMAN

A CHURCHMAN

Who Should Own The Moon?



***Three Methodists** discuss this month's timely subject, outer-space control: Dr. John P. Hagen who put the American Vanguard satellite into the skies; U.S. Senator John Sparkman of Alabama; and Bishop Marvin A. Franklin of Jackson, Miss.*

Science needs moon to study the universe . . .

By DR. JOHN P. HAGEN

WHAT POTENTIALS would occupation of the moon offer for increasing our knowledge? Astronomers have long studied the moon and what they have seen tells us that it is indeed an inhospitable place. Because of the low force of gravity at the surface, all atmosphere which may at one time have existed has long since flown off into space, so that the surface of the moon today is composed of perfectly dry rock and soil.

The bombardment of the moon over the centuries by meteors—probably forming the large craters seen there—and by cosmic rays and ultraviolet and X-radiation, has powdered the soil on the surface so that it appears now to be covered with a thick layer of dust which acts as a perfect thermal insulator.

Because the moon turns on its axis so slowly, any point on the moon's surface is exposed to the unadulterated rays of the sun for 13 or 14 days and then pitched into darkness for 14 days. Spots on the surface are exceedingly hot for one two-week period; then, as they go into darkness, they become instantly cold—and remain bitterly cold for a similar period.

Now man is built to live here on the earth; neither the moon nor any other planet will duplicate the earth's atmosphere and other environmental circumstances. Man needs air. Also he is designed to live in a narrow range of temperature. Man must, if he contemplates exploration of space, plan to take his environment with him. He must control the atmosphere he breathes and he must keep the temperature within the limits to which his body is accustomed.

Man might go to the moon to explore, for purely scientific purposes, or to determine whether there are natural resources there which are either scarce or hard to exploit here on the earth. But for the present, the principal reason for putting a station on the moon would be to do scientific work.

As we all know, we must look at outer space today through our rather dense atmosphere. A relatively small telescope on the moon could do as fine a job as the larger telescopes here on the earth because the moon has no atmosphere. We could see the stars both day and night, except in the immediate region of the sun. We could also observe the sun's corona simply by blocking the sun out with a small disc—something that cannot be done here on the earth because of the intense brightness of scattered sunlight.

The real advantage, then, of doing astronomical work on the moon is that the limitations placed upon that work here by the atmosphere would no longer exist. Thus we could study the entire universe through the whole broad spectrum of electromagnetic radiation, vastly improving our knowledge of the universe and our understanding of the world in which we live. Whether we are scientists or not, that is important to all of us.

Decide possession by international law . . .

By SENATOR JOHN SPARKMAN

WHO WILL OWN the moon? Will it be the U.S., Russia, or any single nation? Let us hope not—for the sake of world survival. The problem of space exploration must be resolved by international agreement. As Sir Leslie indicates, there are pressing questions which must be answered:

(1) What is "outer space" and how is traffic there best regulated?

(2) How does territorial sovereignty establish itself on celestial bodies?

Professor John Cobb Cooper recognizes the continued effectiveness of the doctrine cited by Sir Leslie as an outgrowth of the Roman *ad coelum* principle and confirmed by the Paris (1919) and Chicago (1944) conventions that "every power has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the airspace above its territory" and indeed accepts the "airspace" as part of the territory of the state below. But where does "airspace" end and "outer space" begin; and do nations really intend that "airspace" shall limit national sovereignty?

The 21 nations participating in the UN Disarmament subcommittee meeting in London gave us some clue. "Outer space" was said to be the space at a distance beyond the earth at which "you no longer have friction of air to delay and retard the speed." This group introduced a resolution into the UN General Assembly which would establish an inspection system to insure peaceful traffic in outer space. Referring to that resolution, Professor Cooper remarks:

". . . Whatever happens to it, however, cannot lessen its far-reaching importance as an admission by an imposing group of states that national sovereignty does not exist in those areas where a satellite, or, unfortunately, a warlike missile may be used free of atmospheric drag. If this be the case, then we face nothing but accurate scientific data to fix the rules of space sovereignty, unless, and this is of paramount importance, the international community to protect its future may determine to extend national sovereignty by agreement into 'outer space.' . . ."

With reference to terrestrial explorations, some contend that ownership is asserted coincidentally when the colors are struck; others would require, in addition, occupation and administration. However, many space lawyers see neither course applicable in space and accordingly turn to what they term the "medium of law-making treaties."

This question, along with that involved in establishing the boundary between airspace and outer space, must ultimately be resolved by international agreement. Nations must recognize the sense of urgency involved. These problems are not without an ultimate solution, but they do demand a genuinely co-operative attitude on the part of all lands. Negotiations should commence in the United Nations—soon.

We must be ready with Christ's word . . .

By BISHOP MARVIN A. FRANKLIN

THE ARTICLE by Sir Leslie Munro is interesting and thought-provoking. Our increasing knowledge of our universe has brought us face to face with realities of which most of us have seldom or never dreamed.

Notwithstanding the startling developments in the realm of the conquest of outer space, I must confess that I take a rather dim view concerning the accomplishment of interplanetary and interstellar communication. The heavens continue to declare the glory of God; and it is my view that developments which come to pass in the conquest of outer space will only increase man's conception of the divine omnipotence. Man simply cannot grasp the bigness of God, and all modern and future achievements are calculated to enhance the stature of God in the minds of men. God is the creator of the universe and is absolute ruler. He cannot be contained within the confines of global boundaries.

These new discoveries will most surely underscore the vastness of God's creative power. God will be seen not simply as wide as the world but as the author of all creation. Even the heaven of heavens cannot contain him —a fact we are going to appreciate still more in the future.

If we should find other planets inhabited by men, without hesitation I would say that they, too, are God's creation and his offspring. Assuming that there are other inhabited planets and stars, we would be compelled to find out how God has revealed himself to these "other sheep" before we could determine what responsibility the Christian church would have for them. It is fascinating to conjecture what their concept of God would be, whether they have fallen short of the glory of God, and have need of the same pattern of salvation which we know. It may be revealed that the Christian church must take to them the experience of the divine-human encounter which we know and introduce them to the redemptive processes of the gospel of Christ. Whatever the conditions discovered may call for, the Christian church will be pioneering and daring enough to meet them.

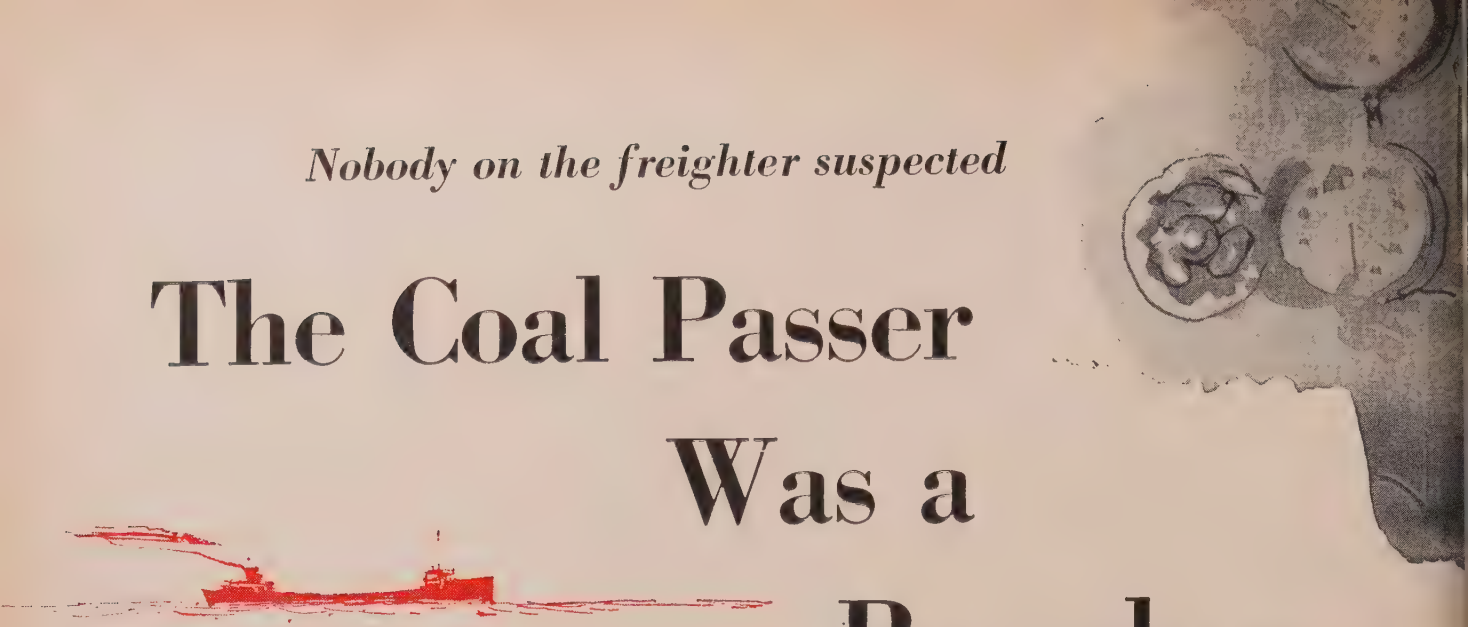
This whole new movement must be under control. It is the function of the Church to bring to bear every spiritual resource upon all these sensational experiments which surround us all today.

In so far as all this pertains to our concepts of God, I, for one, face the future without fear. Our faith in God will be equal to the implications of any new discoveries, and when these discoveries have been developed to the ultimate, God will still hold the scepter of the universe in his unfailing possession.

We can say, therefore, with confidence that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth. With his sure hands he can help us usher in a larger and finer era. Without him, we can bring upon mankind in the future nothing but confusion and vain frustration.

Nobody on the freighter suspected

The Coal Passer Was a Preacher



By DON S. FLEMING

I'LL NEVER FORGET my baptism in the fire hold! Day after day I bent my six-foot, seven-inch frame to the sweaty task of coal passer on a Great Lakes freighter. Perspiration cascaded down my face. My back and arms ached. But I kept at it, heaving heavy coal into great piles before a bank of six furnaces.

Can you imagine a preacher leaving his pulpit to toil there? Down below the water line the lights are dim. The giant furnaces flare. Tons of coal press down from the bunkers. I thought, *If this black avalanche should break through the rails it will smother me or sear me to a crisp against a red-hot furnace door.* And I noticed that only a quarter inch of steel in the ship's side stood between me and eternity if something rammed us and water poured in.

But that was where I found myself last summer. I, Don S. Fleming, 50 years old, born in a parsonage, preacher for 34 years in nearly a dozen Methodist churches. Now I was wearing dungarees, a denim shirt, work socks and shoes, a fireman's cap, and asbestos gloves.

How did I become a coal passer? Well, my bishop obligingly left me without a pastorate when I told him I wanted to return to seminary for graduate study. To help out with the finances, my wife resumed desk work in an office—where I had found her 28 years ago. During the seminary vacation period I went to Chicago and applied for a job aboard ship. I took the first one that came along, on a crane boat out of Cleveland.

I became one of a 43-man crew of typical Great Lakes seamen. To say that some were hardly the type a clergyman usually associates with would be putting it mildly. They were mostly rough, hard-drinking, profane, churchless—yet intensely human.

How would I fit?

I decided not to go aboard as a minister. I went as just another lowly coal passer who could point to brief service aboard the *Leviathan* almost 30 years before. No one ever learned I was a preacher. But I took Christ into the fire hold with me.

Perhaps they thought me a bit odd, a man unusually tall and older than the regulars. I was a greenhorn and so soft that more than one commented:

"Slim, you'll never last."

But I had to last. Night after night I turned in, tired to the bone, aching all over, so sore I had to rig up a strap to grab onto so I could turn over in my bunk.

My ship plied the waters of the Great Lakes, loading and unloading iron ore, scrap metal, coal, limestone, and steel ingots. I worked seven days a week, week after week, with never a day's respite. The food was excellent, the pay good—and I could save almost all of it. My muscles hardened; my knowledge and understanding of the men aboard increased. This was important to me. As a minister, I have always been interested in men.

Tony, for example, was a genial young Irish-Italian who was saving money to marry a lovely Roman Catholic girl in Duluth. But he was fighting a great fear, too: his lack of knowledge of the mechanics of the big church wedding he knew he must face.

"How does the groom act at a church wedding?" he asked me. "I know I'll make a goon of myself!"

THEN and there the Methodist preacher and the Catholic boy knelt together in the boiler room. Not to pray; to diagram with lumps of coal every move Tony must make.

"But, Slim," he asked, "how do you know all this?"

I smiled. "Never mind, Tony. That's the way it will be. Just count on it."

I'm sure Tony came through with flying colors. But he never learned that as a former pastor in Reno, Nev.,

Down below the water line
the lights are dim. Giant furnaces flare
and tons of coal press down from
the bunkers. Six furnaces spit fire and flaming ashes.
There this pastor worked—and prayed.

I'd officiated at nearly 5,000 weddings!

On other things aboard ship, the greenhorn minister was not so well versed. I'll never forget the day on deck when a tough fireman caught me bending my long frame over one of the endless jobs a coal passer must do. He eyed me balefully for a minute, then roared:

"How can you see what you're doin' if you don't get down on your knees?"

How often I've longed to put it that straight to an erring sinner of the flock!

When I say I took Christ into the fire hold with me, I mean just that. But there were some embarrassing moments I won't forget. One happened at mess the first day. When the cook placed a bowl of mouth-watering red Malaga grapes on the table, I announced in a loud voice:

"I'll bet any man at this table I can tell within 25 miles where those grapes in front of us came from."

"You're covered, Slim," one of the crewmen shouted.

"They're from Fresno County in California, not far from Sanger."

The cook verified my guess; my last preaching assignment had been in that very area.

"OK," said the crestfallen seaman, "I'll pay off when we get to the next port."

"Pay off? With what?"

"A six-pack of beer, of course."

I took a deep breath—and canceled the pay-off. I'm not a gambling man and had not intended there should be an actual bet.

Later in the night I awoke in a cold sweat. Suppose I had lost—I, who had never patronized a tavern in my life?

Had my friends known I was a preacher, they likely would have shunned me. As it was, I did plenty of counseling in the boiler room to help my fellows solve some problems that seemed insurmountable. All men have their troubles, but seamen get more than their share, it seems.

Take Jim. He had wronged a girl in his home town and apparently did not intend to marry her. But after we talked a few hours in the fire hold, he looked at his problem with a new perspective—and returned to build a home for her.

Mike had studied physics for two years at a university, but couldn't make up his mind to finish school. We talked it over. Now he has returned to complete his education.

By taking Christ into the fire hold, I saw life up close—not as it appears from the pulpit or in the home of a parishioner. I found that many seamen feel isolated, forgotten, lost. Many fancy nobody cares for them.

Working here, I found myself looking squarely at another level of life and asking myself: "How can men stand it without a faith by which to live and a hope to which they may cling—such as the faith and hope I've had all my life?"

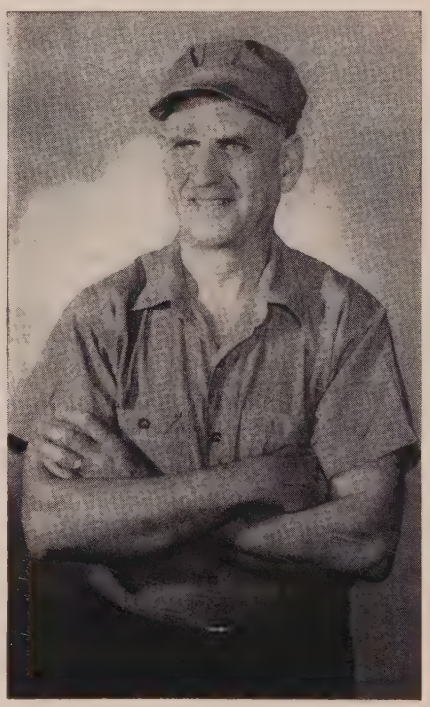
Just the same, they are exposed to a certain amount of religion while in port. Certain sects carry on mission work in the ports, coming aboard to distribute Bibles and to talk to the men. I'll never forget one mission worker who became overly zealous and finally cornered one of the firemen in the fire room.

"The Lord will help you," he repeated over and over, "if you will only confess your sins and accept Jesus Christ!"

Now a fireman's job, and the welfare of his ship, depends on his keeping a steady head of steam. That poor fireman, still backed into the corner, kept watching the gauge drop lower and lower as the missionary plied his soul for conviction with an unending torrent of words. Finally he could stand it no longer:

"Yes, Reverend," he blurted, "but even the good Lord ain't going to get steam up for me. That's a job I've got to do."

I took no such privileges because it wouldn't have worked in my position. I didn't even bring a Bible aboard. I had no chance to attend



Don S. Fleming—the preacher known to the freighter's crewmen as Slim.

church during the months I worked as a coal passer. My only religious reading was *The Upper Room* and a pocket-size edition of the New Testament, given to me by a mission worker. When I prayed I had to do so in silence and amidst a flood of profanity. I lived among men whose reading tastes ran to comic books, sex magazines, and lurid paperbacks. They kept track of the days with calendars picturing glamorous girls.

One such nude ended up over my bunk, placed there by a shipmate who thought he was doing me a favor. I finally covered it with the picture of a ship. When my friend protested, I explained:

"A ship is like a woman to a sailor—and isn't this one a beauty? I've been looking at your pin-up for a long time, Bill. This one is mine. Look at it. After all, they're both dames."

Another diversion of the average sailor, unlicensed ones in particular, is alcohol. More than once I have taken the shovel of a drunken fireman as he retched in misery after having one too many ashore. None of my crew mates could understand why I did not accompany them to the nearest gin mill as soon as we hit a port. Finally I hit on one explanation they accepted without question.

"I'm a potential alcoholic," I told them.

"Oh, an AA!" they'd exclaim. "You can't drink. Well, you'd better leave it alone, Slim."

Each time I told this half-truth it was with fingers crossed, breathing a little prayer for forgiveness. I merely failed to add that I am an honorary member of the AA because I am a graduate of the Yale Plan of Alcohol Study.

I worked on three ships that summer, ending up aboard the *John J. Boland,* an elegant Great Lakes flagship, before returning to California to take up my seminary studies. I'd learned a lot about humility and my fellow man. I learned there's hope for all men, and good in all men.

Often, as I go about my studies, I think of the darkness in the fire hold of a Great Lakes freighter. I can see the white-hot doors of the six furnaces spitting fire and flaming ashes while they grind their grates.

And I think of the day I stood up in the darkness of the boiler room to wipe the sweat from my forehead. Something caused me to turn around to look at the huge bunkers where the coal is stored. Suddenly a few lumps dropped down, just enough to let a single shaft of sunlight through. In the jet blackness the coal began to sparkle like diamonds.

That, I thought, is what it's really like to take Christ into the fire hold with you.

boy's first great adventure begins when he has dinner at the White House.

Boy Meets Teddy

By HARRY E. RIESEBERG

ALMOST EVERY YOUTH picks out an older person to worship in his teens, and young Teddy Roosevelt, son of the President and teacher of my Sunday-school class in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Washington, D.C., 47 years ago—was my particular hero.

We used to sit in a circle around him on Sunday mornings and drink in his words. He was quite a boxer then, and the whole class took it as a matter of pride when we saw him striding down the aisle, his face covered with adhesive strips patched over the marks of battle.

One Sunday, right after class, young Teddy invited three of us to the White House for dinner. We had nearly finished the wonderful meal and were just beginning to relax a little in the huge dining room, bantering as boys will, when suddenly the door opened and in walked the President! We jumped to our feet, pushing back the chairs with a great deal of noise, stumbling awkwardly, and muttering self-consciously when we were introduced by young Teddy.

Though it was 47 years ago, I can still vividly picture the President: He had a huge mustache like my father's; deep, penetrating eyes, twinkling with a sparkling light and vitality, and his laugh spontaneous and booming.

"Sit down, boys. Sit down," he said vibrantly.

He was in fine humor that evening. He launched into some of the exciting adventures of his boyhood, the kind of stories boys found exciting in the days before rockets and spaceships. Mr. Roosevelt packed lots of color and action into his stories, giving us the feeling that we were with him again out on the plains and in the Bad Lands. For a time, we almost forgot that he was President.

During the evening, young Teddy mentioned that I was working in the National Museum, learning to become a taxidermist. The President's face lit up and he began firing questions at me about my work. I was surprised and flattered that the President would be interested in my insignificant job.

As we departed, the President shook hands and remarked: "You are Harry Rieseberg? That's right, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I answered, tingling.

"And you're working with Edmund Heller and Dr. Gerritt Miller at the museum?"

"Yes sir," I answered again, flattered.

"All right, Harry. I'll remember that." In a haze of glory, I walked with my friends down the circular path toward the big White House east gate.

"You are Harry Rieseberg?" the President asked. "All right, I'll remember that!" And he did!

One morning, months after my White House visit, I came to work at the museum where I heard Edmund Heller and Dr. Miller discussing an expedition to Africa. The President planned to start the long trip at the end of his term.

I broke into the conversation with boyish enthusiasm: "Gosh! I'd like to go on a trip like that."

Dr. Miller looked at me with tolerant amusement, while Heller winked and asked: "You would, eh?"

"I'd give my right arm to go." I launched into an enthusiastic endorsement of why I would be worth sending on an African expedition.

"What do you think of President Roosevelt?" Heller interjected.

"He's great! Just great!" I said. "I had dinner once at the White House. He knows a lot about everything. He's a wonderful man."

"You don't say," Edmund Heller grinned. He reached into his pocket and handed me a letter. "Now what about this?"

I saw "The White House" in blue ink at the top, and read:

"My dear Doctor:

I understand there's a young chap by the name of Harry Rieseberg working with you. I talked with him some months back and have an idea he might be a helpful assistant to you on the expedition.

Yours,
Theodore Roosevelt."

"Then I'm going to Africa with the President?" I could hardly control my voice.

Edmund Heller nodded and smiled. "Yes, if your parents will give permission. . . ."

I was 17 when we sailed from New York aboard the German liner *Hamburg* on my first great adventure—thanks to a President who remembered a boy who came to dinner.

"It's cheaper to build." *The trustees figured it cost too much to repair the old parsonage.*

They 'Pioneered' a Parsonage

The original *parsonage . . . even the roof leaked.*

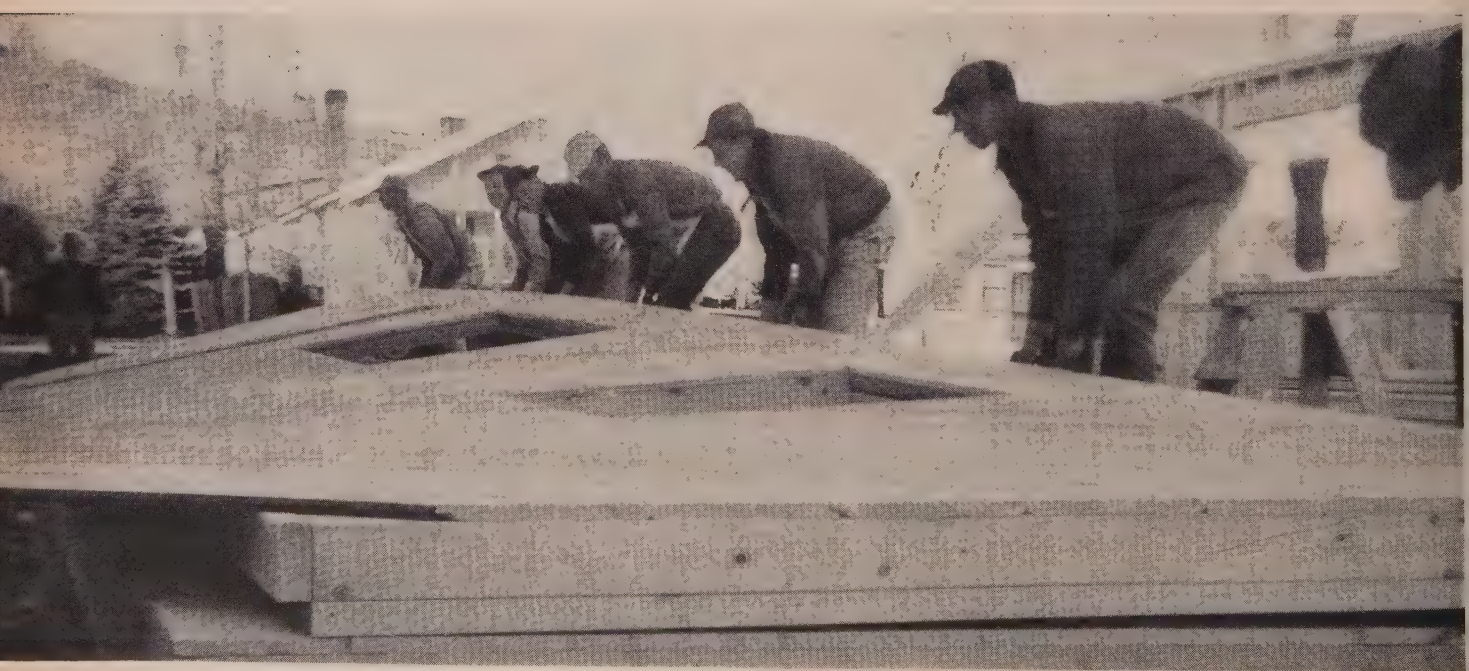
HOTCHKISS, COLO., is an irrigated-ranching community of about 700 people on the colorful western slope of the Rockies. They grow fruit and raise sheep and cattle —and some enterprising Methodists—in Hotchkiss!

About 60 years ago when Hotchkiss was a new town, church members turned out with their hammers and saws to build a two-story frame parsonage. It's been in use ever since and, of course, has seen its best days.

So last winter, the 250 members of Community Methodist Church decided it was time to build again.

The trustees and the official board mapped a parsonage-building program. Despite a poor farming year, the congregation went out and promptly raised more than $5,000 for materials. Then the men and women pitched in with their own labor.

With the supervision of a professional builder, church members raised their new



Look what laymen can do! *Drawing on the handymen in its congregation—plumbers, electricians, and carpenters—the Hotchkiss church ran up its parsonage in about two months' record time. Back at the turn of the century, it took Methodists four years to build the first one. Present-day members managed to sell off the sagging old parsonage for $800.*

three-bedroom parsonage in just 63 days. All told, they volunteered nearly 1,300 hours of labor.

It was a proud moment when Community members gathered for their victory potluck dinner and housewarming.

"How on earth did we do a job like that in eight weeks?" they asked one another. All agreed that the project was well planned and organized: "But the thing that really put it over was the spirit of Christian giving and of building together." By the time that Bishop Glenn Phillips dedicates the new parsonage, probably in June, it will be entirely free of debt.

Today, the Rev. and Mrs. E. W. Matz and family are at home in Hotchkiss; the new lawn is sprouting, and Methodists have "pioneered" another parsonage as the photos on this and the next pages show.

***orty volunteers** kept construction going at top speed. They brought lunches, ate while they worked, for fear of losing time.*

Housewarming in Hotchkiss. *Proud of their new parsonage, members of the Hotchkiss Community Methodist Church arrive to inspect the modest but efficient three-bedroom home which they built for their minister and his family. Best thing about it, the church owes only $200 on its new building. Next move: join the parsonage with the church.*

Official board takes a bow. *Members are asked to identify themselves by a show of hands as they are saluted for spearheading the fund-raising and parsonage program.*

In song they blessed *'. . . the four corners of this house, and the door that opens wide, to stranger as to kin . . . and each crystal windowpane . . . that lets the starlight in . . .'*

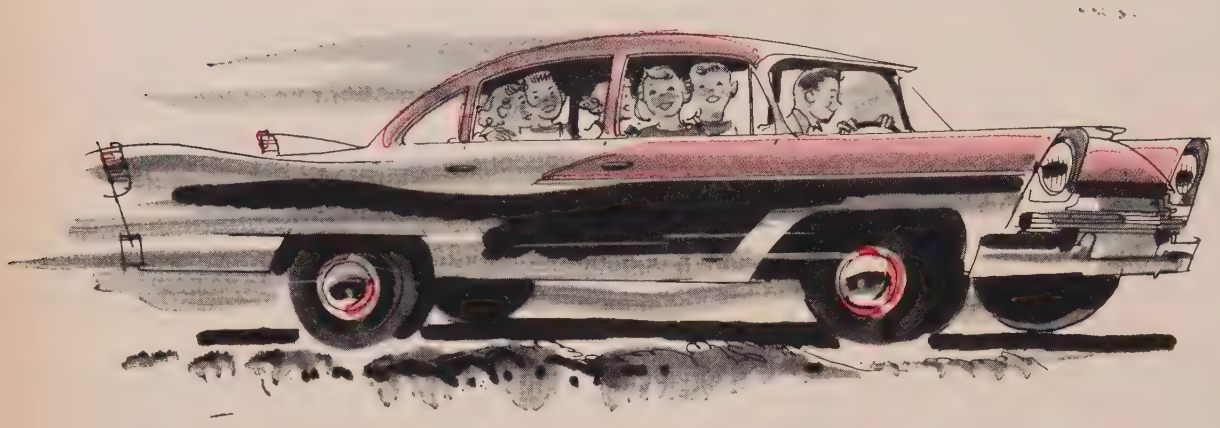
They 'Pioneered' a Parsonage

continued:

Back for seconds! *The food line attracts small fry at potluck dinner celebrating opening of new parsonage.*

Happy home-coming! *The Rev. E. W. Matz, his wife, and three children moved into the parsonage the day it was completed. They previously resided in Crawford, another of the pastor's charges, nine miles away. Heat is piped from church next door. With the first sign of spring, members turned out to seed grass and landscape the new home for their pastor.*

What's What About Car Dating?



By EVELYN DUVALL **A Together in the Home Feature**

The author is one of the country's foremost writers on home and young peoples' problems, and is active in family life affairs on the National Council of Churches. The following article has been excerpted for TOGETHER from *The Art of Dating* (Association Press), her latest book for inquiring youth.—EDS.

CARS ARE OFTEN a cause of friction between young people and their families. Sometimes parents just don't seem to realize how important a car can be to a teen-ager. And conversely, teen-agers don't understand why parents feel such anxiety and concern over their use of the family car. If most of the young men you know have access to a car, it seems even more unreasonable if you are not permitted to drive. Cars often cause problems among teen-agers themselves. If you're responsible for the family car, haven't you had the difficult experience of explaining to a friend why you can't permit him to borrow it?

Many teen-age boys today feel keenly the need to own, or have access to, a car. Driving a car gives a boy a sense of power. It helps him feel important. He has something to show off. Many girls make a fuss over a boy who drives. A boy may feel that a girl will not date him unless he has a car. Young men who are mechanically inclined want something they can work on, take apart, and put back together.

Unfortunately, there is often disagreement over the use of the family car. Father may feel that you're too young to drive by yourself. Even if you are of legal age, your parents may think that you're not responsible enough to be trusted with the family car. Dad knows that the insurance rates are higher because there are more accidents among teen-age drivers. Even if you understand and agree with your parents' feelings, you may still have a longing to drive.

Using the family car often proves more difficult than having a car of your own. Maybe your parents want to use the car the same night you do. Perhaps you have brothers and sisters who also use the car. When you feel you really need the car, it's hard to realize that other members of the family may also feel they need it. Since it's not usually possible for everyone to have his own car, some compromise needs to be worked out.

To avoid constant disagreements, it's a good idea to work out arrangements ahead of time. Possibly you will each choose a definite night when you will have use of the car. For special events, you can request permission to use the car in advance.

While having your own car is more convenient, it means added responsibility for you. You must be able to assume the cost of purchase and maintenance. You will be the one who has to keep it in running condition. You are responsible for insurance, gas, and repairs.

Despite the added responsibility, owning a car may be important to you. Your parents may not appreciate having their car souped up. If it's your own car, you may tinker as you wish, or paint it any color you like. The added prestige may be important to you, too.

Parents are often concerned about teen-agers going on car dates too soon. And they have good reason. The fact is that some teen-agers are not prepared sufficiently for car dates. Regardless of how much you want to drive, if you're not old enough to get a license you should not risk driving a car. Here are some other things you and your parents may want to consider together:

You may feel that you are responsible enough to drive a car. Your parents may have a different view. Perhaps you haven't proved yourself responsible in other ways. If your mother still has to pick up after you, it's understandable if she feels you won't be responsible with a car. If you forget to come home in time for dinner, your dad may think you'll forget to fill the car with gas or check the oil. Before permitting you to go on car dates, your parents have to be sure that you're mature enough to accept the responsibilities.

Once you have proved you can take responsibility for other things, your parents may be willing to discuss your use of the car. When you talk about using a car, you will want to have clear-cut understandings about just what your responsibilities are. Who will pay for the gas? What about the increased rate in insurance? Who will be responsible for dents? Many parents feel that if they have an understanding about these responsibilities, the arrangement is more feasible. In some communities there is a printed agreement which both father and son sign, designating the responsibilities each assumes. You and your father could make one up yourselves.

The same holds true for girls who want to go on car dates. When you step into a car you are just as responsible as the driver for what goes on. If your parents are convinced that both you and your date will adhere to safety rules and speed limits, they'll feel better about it. It will also be up to you to get home on time so that your parents don't worry. If you're delayed, you should do them the courtesy of calling. If your parents permit only a limited number of car dates, it is up to you to stick by that agreement. Riding around recklessly during your school lunch hour may only convince your folks that you're not ready for such dates.

Even if you have your parents' consent to go on car dates, it may still be forbidden on your college campus. There are good reasons for this and it pays to respect the rules. In this case, you must limit your driving to vacations and to weekends when you're home.

Before you undertake to drive, be sure that you are properly prepared. Have you had driving lessons from a competent instructor? Do you have knowledge of the state rules and regulations? Do you know what the various warning street signs mean?

Many high schools and colleges offer courses in driving. These are a great help. If you are taught by a member of your family, some further research may help give you a complete understanding of what is expected of you when you drive. Driving without a license is both irresponsible and illegal.

No matter how great your driving skill is, you may still be far from ready to drive. Your attitude can literally mean the difference between life and death. Do you believe in driving carefully? Are you convinced that juvenile car games such as "chicken" are dangerous? Cars are a means of transportation; they are not toys to play with or for showing off. Actually, you prove nothing by taking chances except your unreadiness to drive at all.

Girls, too, must be psychologically ready for car dates. Before you go off on a joy ride, do you consider how well you know the driver? Will he respect your wishes about safety precautions? Do you feel you would have the courage to get out of a car if a boy started driving recklessly? Your life might depend on it. It's up to a girl to let her date know that she is definitely not interested in watching the speedometer climb or racing another car. Without being rude, she can let the driver know that she considers unsafe driving childish. If she cannot convince the boy, she can insist that he stop the car and let her out.

Knowledge of the basic rules of driving safety, and being concerned about following them, is important. When you are driving, drive. The driver's seat is no place for games, for proving your power, or for necking. You can't concentrate on other things and still be a safe driver. A girl has to keep this in mind, too; she shouldn't snuggle up too close while her date is driving. Distracting the driver can cause accidents.

Speeding is one of the most frequent causes of accidents. Most states designate speed limits in all areas. The speed laws tell you the maxi-

mum speed at which it is safe to drive. On dark nights, on unfamiliar roads, you will probably want to drive considerably under the limit. Whether or not there is a speed limit, you must be extremely careful not to drive faster than is safe. Again, a girls shares her car date's responsibility. If she lets the boy drive too fast, she, too, will be guilty if an accident occurs.

Courtesy on the road is important, because it's the only safe way to drive. If you don't let the driver ahead of you get in line, you may cause a bad collision. If you refuse to give the right of way, you may not have another chance. Courtesy is always expedient. In a car, it is even more important.

Sometimes, if the family car is not available, you may be tempted to try to borrow a car. You might consider asking your girl's parents to lend you their car. If they consent, because they trust you, then you must come to a definite understanding with them as to what you will be responsible for. Naturally, you will want to drive especially carefully.

In most cases it's not a good idea to lend or to borrow cars. If you have use of the family car, you would be taking a chance in lending it to someone else. If someone ran into the auto, through no fault of your friend, you might still have a tough time explaining to your folks. And you might lose your car privileges altogether.

Borrowing a car can be just as bad. If there's an accident, whether or not you are to blame, you may find yourself in a tight spot. You could be the cause of your friend's losing his car or his right to drive. If the car doesn't have proper insurance, you may be in real trouble.

When you accept the responsibility of driving in a car on dates, you also must be aware of car etiquette. Helping a girl into and out of the car is courteous and the thing to do. Parking before a girl's house and honking your horn is discourteous. The thing to do is to go to the door to meet your date. If her parents are home, you should go in and speak with them before leaving. Let them know the details of the date, assure them that you will drive carefully, and tell them when you will be home.

A girl should let her date know that she doesn't approve of honking. She can remain in the house until he calls for her in an acceptable manner. Or she can go to the door and say, "Hi, Joe, come on in." Once he knows what you expect of him, a boy will naturally come to the door to pick you up.

After a pleasant evening, it's natural to want to sit awhile in front of a girl's house and talk. Many parents, however, are concerned when they see the car parked out front too long. Also, neighbors may get the wrong impression when these sessions last more than a few minutes. If your parents are up, and you want to talk some more, invite your date in for a soft drink or cocoa.

It's up to the girl to ring down the curtain on a date. When they arrive at her home, she can signal that she's not interested in prolonged car conversations by opening the door. At this point, the boy walks his date to the door and, unless he's invited in, makes his brief good night and leaves.

Remember, though, there are many things you can do without a car. If you live in a place with nearby public transportation the problem is simple. Even if you live in a rural area you are still not cut off from activities. You can usually get a lift from someone with a car and, for special events, your parents would probably be glad to drive you to your destination.

You can always plan interesting dates at home. Some teen-agers even bicycle into town for a movie. Especially in good weather, you may want to plan dates which involve hiking or biking.

Having a car for dates is fun when the car is used correctly. But it's not really necessary for a good time.

SAFE DRIVER PRAYER

Dear God, creator and preserver of all mankind,
Before I ever turn the key, or touch the wheel
Let me take inventory: .....

Help me to realize that I hold beneath my hands
An instrument that may bring destruction,
mutilation, and death.

Let me appreciate the fact that I bear responsibility
Not only for my own life,
But that of those who ride with me,
And those whom I meet on the road.

Let me know that I hold the power to bring
Not only misery and pain, and wretchedness,
But also tragedy and heartbreak to others
in ever-widening circles—
Beyond my wildest imaginings and my ability to atone.

Give me a deepening consciousness that I must possess
A clear head, the wisdom to choose wisely
and often quickly
What is best for all concerned in moments of the unexpected.

Take from me any desire for bravado.

Give me always the abiding sense of thy presence
and thy love.

And now . . . As I place my hands on the wheel
May I feel yours above them,
For into them do I commend myself. Amen.

—Ruby Jones

'Only a dog'—
but he made loyalty
the core of life.

The Faith Of Shep

By JOEL F. OVERHOLSER

PASTORS DON'T usually preach funeral services for dogs. But one minister did—for a Montana sheep dog named Shep. For throughout his life, Shep had exemplified fiedelity to a degree few humans could hope to match. He had sought only to be faithful—"and all else was added."

Even today, there is little to be seen from the Fort Benton, Mont., depot which Shep made his home for years-long vigil except the town nestled along the river in the valley below. Shep came to that depot in August, 1936, when the body of his master was shipped from the station for an out-of-state burial.

Station employees called him Shep because his air showed he had spent years with a sheep outfit. As for Shep, he soon dug himself a niche under the platform, and there, patiently awaiting his master's return, he watched the arrival of each train. Through rain and shine, he watched passengers alight, looked into parked cars, and mutely questioned each passer-by. For more than five years, Shep kept his round-the-clock vigil.

At first he was aloof toward being petted. When children came to play with him, Shep, in his quiet dignity, was not inclined to romp. And he trotted lonesomely to the river, a mile away, for water during those early days. Later, however, depot employees provided for him—and dining-car cooks contributed bones and choice bits of meat. Later, as his faithful vigil began to attract attention, letters containing money arrived in a steady stream—but were returned by the railroad employees.

As time crept by, Shep submitted to petting—and finally even accepted the comfort of warm sleeping quarters. By then, his every want was supplied, save one—his master's return.

At intervals, some 50 sheepherders wanted Shep. Some came from South Dakota and Wyoming for "personal interviews." But to all who wanted to buy Shep the railroad politely said, "No." Shep knew where he wanted to live out his life, waiting and watching.

Eventually, so many letters came in that Shep had to have a secretary. T. F. Dixon, superintendent for the Great Northern's Montana division, detailed his own secretary to handle Shep's correspondence. Communications were received from Canada, England, and all corners of the U.S. *Believe It or Not* featured Shep. So did *The Railroad Magazine* and *The London Express*. Tourists went miles out of their way to see him.

Shep was far from young when he first came to the depot. Gradually his hearing and sight failed. One day, checking every inbound train as he had for the last five years, he trotted up in front of the 10:17 as it puffed into the station. Trainmen watched for his familiar quick jump to safety. But as he leaped, Shep slipped on the snowy track.

His vigil was ended.

With the big news of the moment which came over the news tickers that day was the story of Shep's death, January 12, 1942. Literally thousands mourned his passing.

A site was chosen at the top of the bluff in front of the depot for the grave of the faithful dog. Funeral services were held January 14, from the station. The station agent, Tony Schanche, made the casket, and Boy Scouts were pallbearers. Mayors of Great Falls and Fort Benton attended.

The Rev. Ralph Underwood of the First Christian Church delivered the sermon, stressing the faithfulness of Shep to his master. A Boy Scout bugler sounded taps and the service was over.

A few weeks later a carved wooden likeness of Shep, mounted on a cement block, was placed at the grave. Spotlighted, the statue is designed to remind all who pass of the dog who made fidelity an actual way of life.

Unusual Methodists

WORLD PULSE TAKER: Loy Henderson reports to boss, John Foster Dulles.

FOREIGN SERVICE ACE. For 36 years, Loy Wesley Henderson, one of a Methodist pastor's twin sons, globe-trotted to the world's hot spots as a career trouble shooter for the State Department. With his wealth of experience, automatic retirement from foreign service at 65 was merely a technicality; the President appointed him Assistant Secretary and Deputy Undersecretary of State for Administration. In that post, he is frequently consulted by U.S. diplomats. He served many years in Moscow, speaks fluent Russian, is keenly versed on Communist thinking. Among his honors: the State Department's Distinguished Service Medal, for helping settle British-Iranian oil difficulties, thus cooling off a red-hot dispute in the tinderbox of the Middle East.

DEATH DEFIER: Swim master Jack Hall slips his bonds—to help teach novices.

WATER WONDER. As an escape artist, Jack Hall rivals the great Houdini. Bound with 226 feet of rope and cloth tape, he plunges into a pool and quickly frees himself from the mummylike trappings—by putting the water to work for him. Hall has appeared on TV, newsreels, and water shows. A Chicago YMCA swimming instructor, he worked up his feat to prove to novices that swimmers in trouble need not drown—if they don't panic. His advice: keep calm, let the water help you. He is planning to write a book about his new methods of swimming instruction. A post office employee, Hall, with his wife and two sons (both good swimmers), attends Chicago's St. Mark Methodist Church. There he enjoys his favorite non-swimming activity—choir singing.

DAUGHTER OF THE WEST. For Bonnie Anton of Satanta, Kan., the wide-open spaces offer two challenging opportunities—to romp off with rodeo honors and to work in the cause of Christ. She was named All-Around Cowgirl in a state high-school championship rodeo, went on to place fourth in a nation-wide contest. (Her horse, Dust, she says, contributes the all-important fancy footwork to the team.) On the church front, Bonnie is president of the Satanta MYF, also heads the Dodge City subdistrict of MYF's Central Kansas Conference. In high school, she led the band—in which she played baritone horn, was a member of student council and glee club, was an A scholar, and took 4-H honors. Her latest interest: Leading a round-up of Satanta Youth for Christ.

COWGIRL: On rodeo horse or in MYF meeting, Bonnie Anton feels at home.

MAYOR TO MINISTER. In Castle Creek, N.Y., the Methodist pastor is former state political figure—Donald E. Stocum, onetime mayor of Johnson City, N.Y., and ex-president of the State Mayor's Conference. While mayor, Stocum served as a district lay leader. Wanting to devote more time to his business, he planned to step out of politics when his term ended. But he didn't plan on entering the ministry. That came about when he was asked to fill the vacant Castle Creek charge. Serving those two churches, he felt the "call of the Master." When asked to take the charge permanently, he accepted—even though it meant giving up his business entirely. Now, looking back, Stocum finds a pattern: His mayoral duties, he is sure, helped prepare him for the ministry.

POLITICS TO PULPIT: His Bible-reading family backs Donald Stocum's switch.

Think not of how much we miss our lost loved ones,
but remember all the happy years we had with them.

The Words That Didn't Die

By RUTH CLARK

IT TOOK ABOUT half an hour, in baffled silence, to understand the eloquent compassion in the face of the doctor in the hospital in this German city. She stood at the foot of the bed. I sat on the edge at the head of it, my right arm around my husband's shoulders. His great head was bent back over this feeble bridge, resting in the deep softness of the hospital pillow. My husband—for precisely one quarter of a century. I hadn't reminded him that today was our silver wedding anniversary. People had sent extra flowers, but by now he was so used to seeing the garden of color on the table between the windows that he didn't ask why it was so lavish.

All he said was, "I knew you'd be here. I guess it's time to go now. . . ."

He smiled. There are no words to tell of the light in his eyes just before he closed them.

The doctor's face was hurt and helpless. I looked again into the peace of his, then back to hers. Finally I said, "Do you mean——he is dead?"

She nodded her head and dipped her chin down into the white starch of her coat. There was nothing to do then except to walk away out of this room with all the flowers and never look back.

A whole world was behind the dial of the telephone on the neat desk in the head nurse's office. I could —should—call our two sons.

One, Jim, in the Army of Occupation, was stationed only half an hour away. He had been here several hours before and had said when he left, "I think Daddy is doing fine. We had a swell talk. How he can tell a story!"

Yes, of course, I should call Jim and say, "Jim, this is Mother. Daddy was doing fine, but he——"

I could call Tommy, 12. Twelve is so young. I could dial our house and get him in, all out of breath and flushed, covered with the mud of his beloved football practice and impatient for a good slice of lemon pie just before bath and bed. It could be said over the miraculous telephone. But how? The logical words felt stifled by the dread of what they would do.

Oh, give the boys one more evening, one more night of tranquil security. Tomorrow would be time enough to tell them.

I could call Mother. If I got her voice, it would waver faintly across the thousands of miles between us in Germany and her in America's Far West. Tomorrow would be time enough. She also must have one more night before the pain for which there is no anesthetic—an irreparable wound to one of her children.

Across the hall from the head nurse's office was a semicircle of high windows almost hidden by enormous potted plants. The subtle light between sundown and moonrise filtered through the jungle of dark green leaves. I parted them with my arms to see more of this light fading fast into the relentless dark ahead. A hand touched my shoulder. I turned around and faced the specialist, a little old man whom people would not look at a second time in a train or bus or streetcar unless they first saw his eyes, which told of his forever inquiring brain and sensitive heart.

In desperation and hope I said: "Doctor, could you tell me—how I can tell our sons?"

He said gently, "I don't know. I think you just have to tell them, that's all. Tell them that everything which could be done has been done. No—don't say that. Nobody knows. Just tell them."

AT HOME in our room I saw a note on my bedside table:

"Dear Mother, I am spending the night at the Ryans' across the river. I'll be home soon after breakfast and take the dogs for their Sunday walk. Couldn't we please take them to the hospital tomorrow? They miss Daddy and he misses them. Maybe if the hospital won't let us take them in I could hang onto the leashes under his window, and if he is allowed to walk a little he could come over to the window. He could call and whistle to them. They could see him even if he is so high up. Please, Mother. Love, Tommy."

Beside the note there was the telephone, all the letters and numbers clear in the white circle against the gleaming black. The Ryans' num-

So tall, young, and pale, immaculate in his uniform, he was his father of 30 years ago—his father of so short a time ago as last evening, when he had smiled and closed his eyes. . . . "Mother," my son said, "will it do you any good if I say I believe in God?"

ber, known by heart, would be easy to dial. My finger could do it without hesitation. But I couldn't bring myself to pick up the phone.

Procrastination exhausted itself. Night was well over, and ahead in the soft daylight stretched years when the boys couldn't talk and laugh with their worshiped father. Never again to hear his voice!

Finally I picked up a pencil for a crutch and dialed the number of a neighbor. I said, "Alice? . . . Could you please go over the river to the Ryans' and find Tommy? And tell him—anyway you can—that, that his father died last night."

Alice said, "Oh, God!"

I said, "Yes, that's just what I mean. Could you tell him something about God? I don't know how. There isn't anything to say— I mean, I can't."

Alice went to the Ryans'. Tommy was alone at the Sunday breakfast table, the Ryans having gone off to early Mass. She told him and brought him home. He went to his room across the hall from mine and I could hear his pillow-smothered sobbing and knew he must be alone for a while. Twelve is young, but a boy doesn't like to be seen crying.

Alice phoned a friend and asked him to contact Jim. Soon I heard a car coming up the drive, and then Jim's slow, heavy steps, hesitating, stopping outside my door.

There was a soft knock and—for Jim—a soft voice: "May I come in, Mother?"

So tall, young, and pale, immaculate in his uniform, he was his father of 30 years ago—his father of so short a time ago as last evening, when he had smiled and closed his eyes.

Jim towered over my head, bent down, and touched my forehead in a gossamer way with his huge hand. Then he walked over to the window,

Little Lessons in Spiritual Efficiency

What do you Remember?

By ROY L. SMITH

MOST OF US have ways of dating events other than by the calendar. There was, for instance, the wife who interrupted her husband to correct him on the accuracy of a date. "It wasn't 1938," she said. "It was in October, 1936."

Her husband looked at her incredulously. "But it could not possibly have been '36."

"Yes it was," she insisted. "It was the year the baby died."

We can sympathize with this mother, who carried her grief deep down in her heart through the years. At the same time, if we could date our lives in reference to our joys instead of our sorrows, it would have a profoundly beneficial effect on us.

It is one of the miracles of the personality that we have been endowed with the ability to choose our own thinking. We can choose the things we want to remember and dismiss those we want to forget.

There are those who take satisfaction in remembering the insults to which they have been subjected, the injuries they have sustained.

Others remember only the kindnesses that have come their way, the glad associations they have known, the blessings they have enjoyed.

He who remembers the evil becomes one kind of person; he who remembers the good, another. There is no magic or mystery about it. It is the simple working of a plain law—the law of the sower.

It is possible to give so much thought to our ills that they fill our skies. The person who remembers only the hurts and disappointments is living life on the smallest possible acreage.

his eyes looking out at the red and gold treetops.

"Mother," my son said slowly, "will it do you any good if I say I believe in God? And in immortality? We grow up thinking we do, but we don't know until something like this happens. If there could have been a choice, I wish I had been shipped to a battlefield in Korea instead of here—if Daddy could have been spared instead. But, Mother, I really believe that he is alive."

"I do too, Jim. In fact, I don't know what I'd do if you didn't believe that. I'll need a lot of strength and this helps a great deal. I didn't know how to tell you, I didn't know how to say something which really can't be said—it has to be felt. Words alone haven't much conviction."

Tommy came in then, his young-old face stained with the unconscious finger painting of tears and dust.

"Hi, Jim," he said.

"Hi, Tom," Jim said, and put his hand on the younger boy's shoulder. "Mother," Tommy announced. "I don't know what to say. Please, though—I don't want to go to school any more. I'm going to work now."

"OK, Tommy," I said, pulling him down to the edge of the bed and wondering, *How old is 12?*

Jim said, "There's lots of time to talk, Tommy. Come on out to the garden with me. Mother ought to get a little sleep."

THEY went together and I closed my eyes in a deep and very long sleep before the doorbell and telephone and voices intruded.

Friends began to come and go. Through their tears they blurted out in different languages all the little words of comfort, even while knowing their futility.

The boys and I later walked out to the balcony. It was time to talk—not about tomorrow, next week, next month, next year, or the next decade, but about time which is forever, and therefore unconfined.

I thought, for no reason, of *Gulliver's Travels*. "Something about Swift's idea is what I mean," I said helplessly. "The idea is that no important words ever spoken are lost. They are frozen in the ether. There is a way to release them—the words and the voice which spoke them——"

The telephone beside my bed rang just then, 24 hours after the late twilight in the hospital. I left the balcony and went in and picked up the instrument I had so dreaded.

The voice said, "This is the radio station. We have heard, and seen in the papers. . . ."

"Yes?" I said.

"Would you like to have the tapes of his broadcasts of the last year? You can have records made of them for your sons and their sons to hear always. Would you like these tapes? You're welcome to them."

"Yes!" I whispered through the terrible, wonderful phone.

The Wednesday following that long Sunday we turned a tiny dial to the right, and the boys heard their father say:

"Liebe Hörer . . . Dear Listeners . . ."

Back in America, a year later, I entered my room early one evening and found my favorite pewter pitcher filled with yellow roses. Propped against it was a piece of lined school paper:

"Dear Mother, You and I and Jim are all extremely sad today, because exactly a year ago God took our Daddy away. I don't think we should be too sad today. I think you should be grateful for having had him as your husband, and that Jim and I should be thankful for having had him as our father. Let's not think of how much we miss him, but think of all the happy years we had with him. I guess God just needed him for a more important job in heaven. Please don't be sad. Love, Tommy."

READER'S CHOICE

Here's a chance to see your favorite story in TOGETHER—and receive $25 besides! This month's Reader's Choice nomination came from Mrs. Joe E. Boyd, Lubbock, Tex., who saw *The Words That Didn't Die* when it appeared in *McCall's* for November, 1956. We reprint it here with permission of the McCall Corporation. Now, what's your favorite story or article? Tell us the title, who wrote it, and where and when it appeared. If it's used in TOGETHER, and you are first to suggest it, a $25 check will be yours.—EDS.

Around Wichita Falls, Texas, the Lord's cattle graze and grow fat—for a good cause.

They Call Them 'Methodist Cows'

By LEWIS NORDYKE

A BLIZZARD hit the Wichita Falls section of Texas not too long ago, endangering a great many cattle. Sending out his men to see about his range stock, one rancher admonished them:

"Be sure to take care of God's cows first."

The cowboys nodded and rode into the north wind. They were well aware that God has cattle on quite a few hills around Wichita Falls. And they're Methodist cows! Each bears the distinctive MF brand. MF stands for Methodist Foundation, a live-wire organization of men, women, and children who share their talents with the Lord.

MF has been amazingly successful, not only in raising thousands of dollars for a variety of causes, but in leading Christian "strays" back to the home corral and inspiring a fresh interest in church work.

You could easily operate an MF in your community. (Don't even need cows, as I'll soon show!) The Texas outfit isn't big, rich, or formal. It's a group of people from all walks of life. They don't have an executive director or a paid staff. The members take care of the paper work and hold down the overhead.

Here's how it works: The foundation buys a beef cow and a farmer or rancher agrees to take care of her and her offspring. The profit from the calves, or the eventual sale of the cow, goes to the foundation. In much

***Roundup time** brings hundreds of Methodist Foundation folk out to celebrate this special event at an old-fashioned barbecue.*

the same way, other church people fatten steers, turning the net earnings over to the foundation.

Some participants donate cows. However, they are not asked for gifts. Awhile back, Wayne Watts, president, was out working to place cows on farms and ranches. He was accompanied by a district official of the church. They visited one farmer who said: "I can't take a cow right now, but I'll write you a check for $50."

Watts turned him down. The district official was puzzled until Watts explained that the foundation is in no sense a scheme to harvest rich gifts. Its main purpose is to bring men into partnership with God.

WHILE MF gets a big chunk of its income from cattlemen, the organization is open to any person who wants to turn his talents to the Lord.

One Texan drills an oil well, setting aside a fixed percentage for MF. Lawyers and other professional men turn over a portion of their fees. The talent-sharing has even spread to retail concerns. Ikard Smith, department-store owner in Wichita Falls, has given the foundation an interest in his candy department. The Allison Pharmacy has cut in the foundation on the sale of an insecticide.

W. S. White, whose company sells and rents surgical instruments, wanted to team up, but how could such an enterprise form a partnership with God? A way was found. The foundation invested in instruments. The company takes care of them, rents them out, and turns the proceeds over to the foundation.

Farmers, such as Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Hayter of Megargel and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Bass of Olney, commonly team up with the Lord. They set aside certain acreages; they cultivate, harvest, and market the crops. The profit goes to the foundation.

MF was sparked by a handful of laymen who felt that they should give some part of their time and energy to the work of the Lord each day. The trouble was in finding a workable system. MF was the answer. By 1954, the group had grown to 40. A charter, bylaws, and ideals were drawn up. A 28-member board was elected. The board raised an initial $4,800 and launched the first project of buying and farming out cows. Today, MF includes 250 families, with a membership of about 1,000, and its accomplishments are the talk of Texas.

MF started modestly. Its first project was sending three milk cows to Korea through the CROP program. Next, it was learned that Sahaeng La, head of the Korean Chaplain Service, was a Methodist and yearned to study in the U.S. The foundation put up the money to send him to Southern Methodist University to study at Perkins School of Theology.

Not long after his arrival in this country, Chaplain La attended the foundation's fall roundup at a ranch near Wichita Falls. This is the big event of the MF year, the time when the cattle are branded and the annual reports are made. Families gather before barbecue tables with all the trimmings, including frijoles and sliced onions. Afterward, they sing good, old-fashioned Methodist hymns. On this day, Chaplain La, in frazzled blue-serge suit and worn-out shoes, took in every event. Watts, noticing the threadbare Korean, said to a rancher:

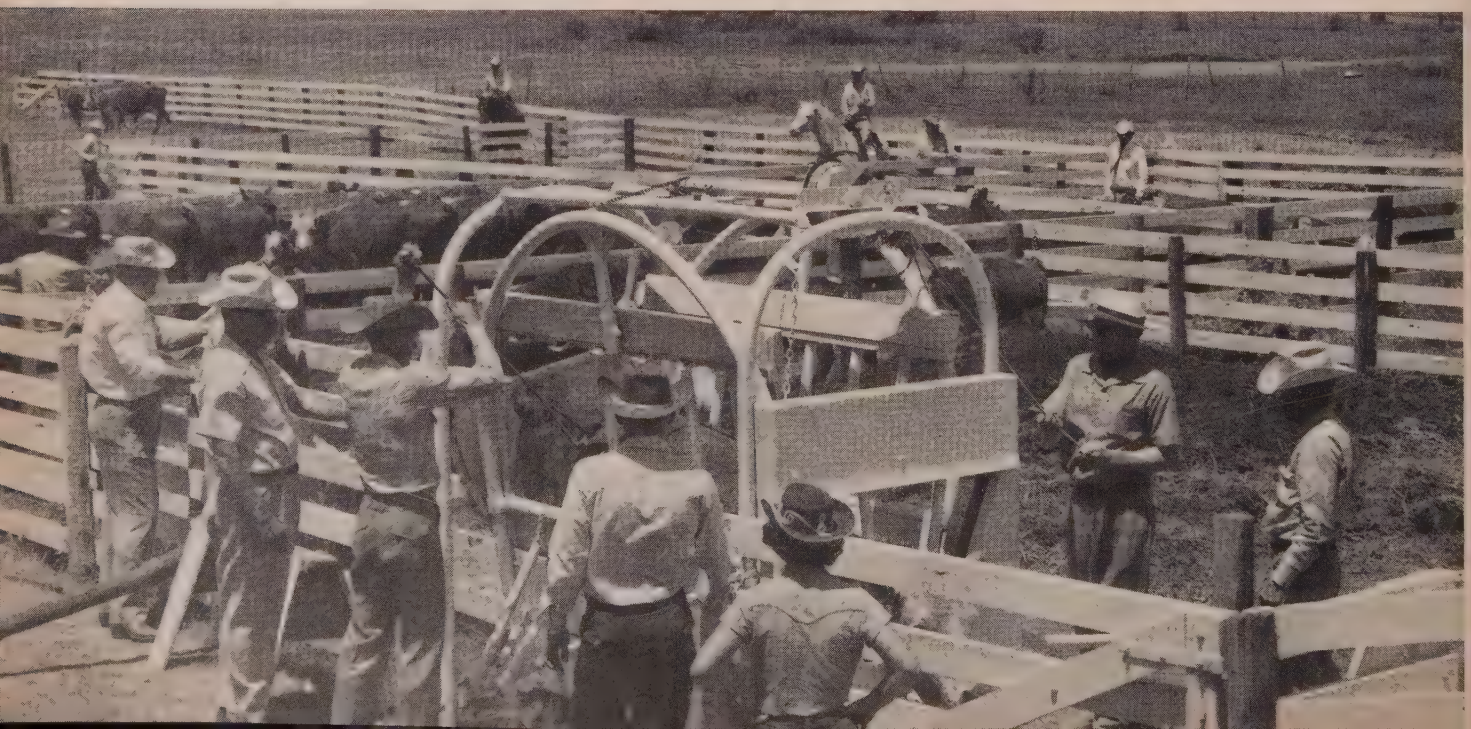
"It looks as if the chaplain could use some clothes and shoes."

"I think so, too," said the rancher, reaching for his billfold. In no time, enough was collected to outfit the chaplain from head to toe.

THAT'S typical of the way MF gets things done. At the same meeting it gave $2,000 for the improvement of a youth camp at Bridgeport, Tex., and $500 to a project of the Methodist Board of Evangelism.

Two years ago MF got its biggest opportunity. Foundation leaders learned that the Texas training schools for juvenile delinquents had

***MF brand** sets a Texas calf aside from the herd. While a few rustlers are around, no Methodist cow has turned up missing.*



no chapels or regular places for worship. Most of the troubled youngsters had rarely attended Sunday school or church. Even worse, the School for Boys at Gatesville had been in operation 70 years without a place of worship!

The foundation plunged into a chapel project. First, it was arranged so the state could accept the gift of a nondenominational chapel. Then the foundation agreed to build it and present it to the state. Ground was broken for the $65,000, 500-capacity chapel to provide regular worship for the first time at this school, in the autumn. First services were held at Easter.

THE GATESVILLE chapel triggered a second chapel. Frank M. Wood, a Wichita Falls oil man, and Mrs. Wood believed there should be a little church at the School for Girls at Gainesville. So the Woods, who are Baptists, gave the Methodist Foundation a check for $40,000 to build a chapel at the girls' school.

Interest in chapels for delinquents spread elsewhere in Texas. A Dallas group, the Baptist Convention, the Texas Association of Negro Women's Clubs, the Roman Catholic Church, and many individuals pitched in to finance a chapel for the state's School for Negro Girls at Crockett. Still other projects are in the talking stage. Hundreds of persons are finding the opportunity to provide spiritual guidance to these unfortunate boys and girls who would be denied it otherwise.

Through such work, the Methodist cow is becoming an institution in Texas. She's respected, too, even by rustlers. Cowmen still lose an occasional animal to thieves, but no rustler has yet tossed his rope on a cow bearing the MF Brand.

Not long ago, Jeff McMurtry rode to the ranch of Jim Wilson near Archer City. "Jeff," Wilson greeted him, "you can leave your cussing at home when you come here now. I have a Sunday-school cow on my place."

Charles Abercrombie, another Baptist, put a foundation cow on his ranch. She turned out to be a wild one. Abercrombie blamed her uneven disposition on the MF brand. The Methodists came back with the accusation that Abercrombie had dipped the cow—and pointed out that a good Methodist cow was not accustomed to immersion.

Keen-eyed spotter of top cattle: that's G. U. Baker, buyer for the foundation.

When the wild cow was being hauled to the roundup, she leaped out of the truck, plunged through a fence, and started grazing on the A. J. DeMoss' place. DeMoss didn't mind. "If a Methodist cow comes to my place to do missionary work," he observed, "I'll keep her and feed her for the foundation."

And he did. A short time later he became a church member.

A couple of years ago Charles Prothro agreed to let the foundation select a few cows from his breeding herd. The foundation asked G. U. Baker, a well-known cattle judge, to make the selection. This deal was under discussion at a foundation directors' meeting. D. H. Bolin turned to Prothro and said:

"Charlie, do you know what you're doing? These gentlemen are going to turn Baker loose in your herd, and he's going to come out with the best cows you have."

"I know," Prothro replied, "but if I'm going to give the Lord anything, I want to give him the best."

A few days after the 1957 roundup, J. S. Bridwell, one of the leading oil men, ranchers, and civic workers in Texas, offered the foundation its choice of three cows from a herd of several hundred. Again Baker was to do the selecting. After two hours in the herd, Baker picked three cows. Bridwell was unhappy; the cow he considered the best had been overlooked. He pointed to the quality animal and said to Baker and the other men: "Take her, too."

That's the spirit of the Methodist Foundation in Texas.

It's at work now on the farms and ranches and in the towns of five counties. Dundee is a community of about 300 in Archer County. The little church there was old and rotting. Community pride was dwindling. Then several persons became active co-operators in the foundation's work.

Recently, David and Betty Williams reported on the results in a letter to Watts:

"We've torn down the old church and built a new structure with almost twice the area, given our pastor a traveling account, doubled our contribution to the Methodist Home at Waco, and met all conference claims.

"We believe this is a great program, for rural and town people alike."

And they're right.

Again— We Thank You!

HOW do you edit a magazine for 1 million Methodist families? Well, we at 740 Rush St., Chicago, who have that responsibility, consider ourselves fortunate. You readers help us with every issue.

Probably you've noticed just how much this magazine is created by subscribers.

Starting up front, there's the *Letters* department—Methodists, young and old, speaking from churches little or big in every part of the country. Opinions often vary, as you've seen. That's because we people called Methodist—and there are 10 million of us—follow the precept of our founder, John Wesley, to "think and let think." That makes for diversity within our unity—and strength!

Then there's the *Midmonth Powwow*—you readers discussing the things that matter in our daily lives. Such *Reader-views* bridge the gap between sometimes-distant authors and the homes of you who read TOGETHER.

For the color pictures which dress up each issue, a special thank you! Take, for example, the pictorial, *America the Beautiful,* last August. Those memorable photos were selected from the thousands offered by Methodist camera clickers. Recently, we took a bow (and a medal) for this feature from the Freedoms Foundation—but really on behalf of you who sent the pictures for this stirring appeal for "liberty in law."

Last fall we asked you to help build another great TOGETHER pictorial—the *Christian Family*. And again you responded bountifully.

Our photo editors examined 4,000 slides and transparencies. You see some of the best of them on the following pages. This month's colorful and cooling cover, taken in Grand Teton National Park, Wyoming, is another. And you may see still more outstanding reader-made photos in future issues.

We think the *Christian Family* is one of the finest pictorial features in TOGETHER—and for it we join all readers to thank you who helped make it great!

—*Your Editors.*

"Grandpa's birthday was taken by A. Caliendo, Berwyn, Ill., with a Rolleicord, using Ektachrome and electronic flash at f/5.6.

The Christian Family:

Work, Play, Love, and Worship

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY to you..." We've all experienced the thrill of that greeting. This joyous occasion is celebrated in homes the world over. A birthday is one of the most heart-warming and universal of all family experiences—so we introduce our Christian Family pictorial on that theme. And we think that of the 4,000 photos submitted by readers, this best captures the spirit of this wonderful day. As we grow older, we realize better how spontaneous family rites bring families together. We discover that only a few things really count in life—and foremost are the love and concern in the home. So "Happy birthday, dear Grandpa, happy birthday to you!"

Bring up a child...
D. L. Richardson from Hollywood, Calif., pictures a family that works together. He used a Rolleiflex, Super Anscochrome set f/5.6 at 1/25 with two photofloods and one spot.

The Christian Family:

Work

Making washday fun.
Photographer Richardson pictures a Van Nuys, Calif., family, Lillian Peel and daughters, Faith, 5, and Elizabeth, 7. Rollei was set f/11 at 1/250 on Super Anscochrome film.

Everybody doesn't stand *in line these days to buy meat at the fancy supermarkets! Out on the farms and far-flung ranches of this abundant nation you can still find scenes like this. For this chore, the whole family pitches in just as it worked together back in our rugged pioneer days. They smoke their own hams, cure their bacon, and store away great crocks of tasty sausage. Come winter, no running to the store for this self-sufficient farm family! H. Harold Davis, Jr., Louisville, Ky., took this picture of the Albert E. Conrad family butchering on their well-supplied farm near Corydon, Ind. He used a Linhof 4x5, Ektachrome, shooting f/11 at 1/25 with supplementary flash.*

The Christian Family:

Play

***Outdoor fun** brings families together. John Heineman, who is, incidentally, director of Christian Education in First Methodist Church, Hollywood, sets up model airplane for his daughter, Virginia, and David Storrs, a neighbor lad. Motion-picture cameraman D. L. Richardson, also a member of First Church, used his Rolleiflex and Super Anscochrome, f/16 at 1/100.*

***A family vacation** to remember—digging clams as the sun sets over the golden shores of the Pacific Ocean. John H. Sparkes took this photo of his wife and daughter on Copalis Beach, Wash. He used a Rolleicord IV with Ektachrome, f/11 at 1/50.*

Memorable moments *to capture by camera. Elizabeth and Faith Peel frolic on monkey bars in their own back yard in Van Nuys, Calif. D. L. Richardson, Hollywood, Calif., used his Rolleiflex with Super Anscochrome to catch this carefree moment. A flash fill-in was used with a lens speed of 1/500 at f/8.*

A tall appetite! *As a boy was about to feed the giraffe in the Memphis zoo, W. C. Gillham of Benton, Ky., shot this picture. He used a Zeiss Super-Ikonta BX camera set f/5.6 at 1/50 on Kodachrome film.*

"Till death do us part." *Joe Temple, Sheridan, Ill., took this memorable photo of a young couple, hands clasped on the Bible as they said their wedding vows. He used a Century Graphic with outdoor Ektachrome film and No. 25 blue flash.*

The Christian Family:

Love

"More, Mommy, more!" *It's the same the world over. Paul Somogyi of Merchantville, N.J., pictures his daughter and granddaughter. To make this picture, he used a Rolleicord camera and Ansco color, f/8 at 1/25, with two #5B GE bulbs.*

"Ties to last a lifetime," you might label this photo. It typifies the Christian family and brings to mind precious moments we all treasure and hug to our hearts. Remember Sonny's first picnic (keeping him out of the ice cream and pickles!), the sweet, clean aroma of the outdoors, the intimacy and the snug family feeling beside the log fire, the closeness with God? Photographer Richardson pictures Joe and Phyllis Nelson and young Mike of Los Angeles. In the shade, he opened his Rolleiflex camera to f/5.6 with a speed of 1/100 of a second.

Family prayer power. *Fred J. Statler, Jr., shows his son and daughters in their St. Louis home. Camera: an Aires 111 with Ektachrome, bouncing an M-2 flash bulb. Exposure was f/5.6 at 1/25.*

The Christian Family:

Worship

Worship in song. *The Spencer Peel family is photographed by lensman Richardson with a Rolleiflex on Super Anscochrome film, f/5.6 at 1/25. For effective lighting, the cameraman used a pair of reflector floods and one reflector spot.*

Two years in service! Will they be wasted, or a time of growth and dedication? Here's how a parent can help his country—and his boy.

So Your Son's Been Called Up!

By PAUL K. McAFEE, *Chaplain, Fort Rucker, Ala.*

"WILL MY SON have to waste two years in the armed forces?" Many times, as a U.S. Army chaplain, I have had to give parents an answer to that question. Always I say this:

"While your young men are being called upon to give two years of their lives to the future security of the world, not one hour need be wasted!" In fact, I think of these two years as a time of *dedication*. And it's up to the parents to help make them just that.

Let's assume that your son is to be called up. How can you, a parent, help him to invest those 24 months profitably not only to his country but to himself?

Contrary to an enlisted man, a draftee does not have a choice of assignments within the services. But chances for schooling are vast; his training can be truly rewarding.

If your son wants to, he can complete his high-school studies in the service, even start college studies.

The services offer something for every young man. He can train for a trade or a profession. With the current emphasis on science, a whole new future opens for the highly trained modern serviceman.

One young man, for example, came to me some years back disillusioned, unhappy. He was almost ready to go AWOL—absent without leave—because he felt two years of his life were being tossed away. I discovered that he was tremendously interested in electronics. We arranged a transfer to the Signal Corps. When this man finished service, he entered a TV-repair school where he was graduated with honors. Today he's carving out a fine career.

I can think of many similar cases —all young men who capitalized on the opportunities offered them.

I'm thinking especially of one GI I know who wants to become a Methodist minister. During his enlistments—he served several—he took college correspondence courses, studied under USAFI (United States Armed Forces Institute), and took the army's advanced science courses. The result: When he was discharged he was admitted to an outstanding university, where he has only 18 months' work left to get his bachelor's degree. USAFI credits today are accepted in any college.

No doubt about it, your son's two years with Uncle Sam can be a preparation for life. But it's not all up to the military. A lot depends on how you ready your son in the first place. You can prepare him psychologically, morally, and spiritually for these crucial years. How?

Parents can help their sons immensely by *personalizing* the fact our country has decided that, for the foreseeable future, it needs a large military force to hold a precarious peace. Parents who understand this can help their sons to enter service with a perspective that will be fruitful in later life.

It's up to the family, not the

school and church alone, to discuss with the boy the trend of the times since World War II. Consider the story of Korea, Indo-China, Hungary, and the Middle East. Help him to approach intelligently the problem of the free world threatened by forces that allow no freedom of thought. Discuss the present world trends in the light of history.

I remember one young GI in Korea who had had such home training and understanding of world affairs. His parents had sat down with him and studied current history. They had talked together about the comparative values of Communistic and democratic ideals. As a result, their son was so well adjusted that he was picked to lecture periodically to other servicemen on "Why I Am in the Army."

WITH an understanding like this, the boy will know better the "why" of his two years in service. He'll be able to adjust more rapidly and react more favorably to this time of *dedication*—not wasted years!

With the "why" of service understood, you should also help your son face up to the moral aspects of his problem. Temperance, tolerance, and the psychology of sex should be viewed from a moral background.

The best foundation you can give a boy to carry him through his two years of service is to teach him early in life the value of a healthy mind in a healthy body. Remember, his armed-service years may be his first away from the influence of home. Then he will have to rely on himself to distinguish right from wrong. Too often, a boy's only background in sex comes from sources other than his home, church, or school—and he is tragically lacking in understanding. Too often I hear, "No one ever told me," or, "It was always something to be ashamed of."

The facts of sex, alcohol, and narcotics, learned in a family situation, can provide security and understanding for a boy in service. With such a foundation, a boy should be able to face situations with firm moral convictions.

There is another great area where a boy needs preparation. That's spirituality.

The young man who enters the service with a well-developed knowledge of the Christian principles of life, with the firm experience and warmth of a church life behind him, is the one who gets along best.

Recently, I worked with two young men. They came from the same part of the country. They had been in the same camp for their basic training. But they were poles apart in their attitude.

One of these young men came to see me as soon as possible, made himself acquainted with the chaplain and the religious programs, and offered himself for service in any way possible. He was determined that his two years in the army would not change his religious convictions.

This boy came from a home that stressed family participation in church worship and held regular family devotions—a pattern which had been established early and had been carried through to the present time. I investigated and found he was rated a good soldier.

The other boy came to see me, too, —but only when he was facing a court-martial. He was in trouble. He was antagonistic—hated the army and all it stood for. He felt the world had played him a dirty trick, and he was going to fight back to the last ditch. He had gone AWOL, got into trouble, and now a court-martial was hanging over his head. His visit to me had one object—to see if I, as the chaplain, could get him out of the court-martial. Counseling with him, I found there was no religious concern at all in his home.

Both boys were intelligent. Both came from good families with above-average social standing. But one had had spiritual training, the other had not. The gulf between them had been fixed by parental attitudes far back in their early years.

A parent trains his child to eat the right things so his body will develop properly. The child must also have direction in spiritual training as well as in other areas of development if he is to take his place in society as a good citizen—in the armed forces or in civilian life.

Please don't misunderstand me. As a chaplain I am not interested in recruiting your boy for the armed forces. I sincerely hope and pray that we shall soon see the time when all draft calls cease and our armed services are able to carry on under a volunteer basis.

But as a chaplain I am concerned because your sons are being drafted. Too many are coming to the chaplain with their lives shaken and scars on their souls—often without a moment's training on the parents' part to prepare them.

SOME men come out of the services frustrated, disillusioned, not knowing which way to turn—and not caring. This is not the majority, of course. But if you examined the backgrounds of these men, you would find that there was a lack of foundation in each one's life, stemming back to his boyhood and reflecting a lack of parental guidance, understanding, and love.

Your concern now, in helping your son come to grips with what two years' service can do for him, will pretty well determine how much he is able to take out of that period.

So ask yourself these questions *now:*

Will my son have to enter one of the services?

As an intelligent adult, able to study the trend of our times, what do I see in the next generation?

Which shall it be for my son if he is to serve his country—a wasted two years, or a dedication to high ideals and purposes that can make for him a strong future?

You, parent, hold the answer!

A June Birthday

I have birthdays,
You have, too;
So does our flag—
The red, white, and blue;

Its birthday comes
In the month of June
And its ripples are gay
As a merry tune.

Whenever we see it,
Our cheers commence—
Cheers for the country
It represents.

—CLARICE FOSTER BOOTH

When teens need advice, TOGETHER*'s "Dick"* ***Richmond Barbour,*** *with keen insight, helps them get to the root of the trouble.*

Teens Together with an ex-teen-ager

I spent a week with my cousin, who is also a girl of 14. She doesn't even help with the dishes, her room is a mess, but she isn't scolded, and she stays up as late as she pleases. My parents are much stricter with me. She seems to get along fine. How can I get my folks to treat me the way her folks treat her?—S.C.

A I wouldn't try. In the long run you are better off. Scientific studies have compared character traits of young people raised in homes like your cousin's and those raised in homes like yours. The results favor your kind of home. As an adult, you probably will have higher standards and possibly accomplish more.

My girl and I have gone steady for 18 months. Both of us are 14. She is the only girl I ever dated. Now she is interested in another boy and has asked me if I'd be willing to break up. Must I agree? What will happen to me?—M.B.

A Give her up. Eighteen months is a long time to go steady at your age. You should get acquainted with other girls and she with other boys. Breaking up is hard, but almost every young person has to go through it. After you start seeing others you'll feel better.

I'm 16, look older, and am engaged to a boy of 18. He graduates from vocational school soon and will have a job. We want to marry then. Others girls in my class have married, but my parents won't consent. Why shouldn't we marry?—B.V.

A Because of your age. Some high-school students are marrying now. A large proportion will regret it. Your love might well turn out to be only a crush. At 16 you aren't ready for the responsibilities of homemaking. Your boy friend needs time to prove he is mature enough to be a husband. Wait a couple of years at least.

My grandmother lives with us. She is unfair and bossy, and though I try to please her I can't. She spies on me and tells my mother whenever I do anything wrong. We fight a lot and she says I'm bad, but really I am a good girl. What can I do?—M.C.

A Write out a set of rules covering the things you and your grandmother fight about. Discuss the rules with your parents. Make sure they agree that the rules are reasonable. Have your mother talk over the rules with your grandmother so she'll know what is expected. She should not expect more of you than your parents do and if she is unfair they should intercede. Probably you, in turn, need to be more considerate of your grandmother.

I'm 17 and in love with a wonderful girl. We're in deep trouble. I tried to talk with my doctor about it but he wouldn't listen. Our church has a new young minister. I hesitate to go to him, but my folks are away. I'm afraid to go to my counselor at school for fear we'd be kicked out. Will anybody help us?—B.S.

A Yes. Go to your minister.

At school I go with a nice boy of 17. Evenings and weekends I don't see him because his mother is a widow and keeps him home with her. She never goes out. Last night I went to see him and his mother gave me a lecture. She says she is afraid I'll spoil her son. When he tries to act like other boys she cries and carries on. It gets him down, but good. How can I help him?—D.S.

A You can listen sympathetically to him. He needs a listener. You

How Do You Like Sunday School?

Do you look forward to church school? Why? Do you go willingly or do your parents compel you? Should parents insist that their children attend Sunday school? What do you think can be done to make Sunday school more appealing and helpful to youth? Write to Sunday School Editor, TOGETHER, 740 N. Rush St., Chicago.

Looks at movies

By Harry C. Spencer
General Secretary, Methodist Television, Radio, and Film Commission

Films are rated for audience suitability. Also, the symbols (+) and (—) provide "yes" or "no" answers to the question: Do the ethical standards in the film in general provide constructive entertainment?

Brothers Karamazov: Adults (+)

One of the season's outstanding pictures—because of the stars, the acting, the production, the direction, and the story. Lee J. Cobb is superb as the greedy, lecherous father of Yul Brynner, Richard Basehart, William Shatner (the Brothers Karamazov), and the illegitimate son, Albert Salmi. Maria Schell is Cobb's mistress—also loved by Yul, who rejects the true love of Claire Bloom. In rebellion against the father, one son tries to outdo his evil, another turns to intellectual atheism, a third becomes a monk, and the fourth kills him. The actions of each are ultimately determined by whether he believes in God.

Cowboy: Adult (+) Youth (+)

This film, starring Glenn Ford and Jack Lemmon, has almost a documentary realism underlying the dramatic, frequently brutal action. Jack, a Chicago hotel clerk, persuades Glenn, a trail boss, to take him on the next cattle drive. The rest of the picture is Jack's education—a series of explosive events which toughen him until he is even harder than his hard-bitten partner.

Gift of Love: Adult (+) Youth (+)

This is a woman's picture. Lauren Bacall is ill with a heart condition. Since she and her husband, Robert Stack, a theoretical physicist, are childless, she persuades him to adopt a seven-year-old girl, Evelyn Rudie. After Lauren's death, Stack refuses to believe that Evelyn can hear Lauren speaking—until, in a moment of crisis, he hears her himself, just in time to save Evelyn's life.

Damn Citizen: Adults (+)

This is the story of war hero Francis C. Grevemberg's recent fight as head of the state police to clean up Louisiana. The film is familiar in many of its plot angles, but the authenticity of details and the true-life quality of the documentation give the audience a sense of participating.

Darby's Rangers: Adults (+)

In World War II, Col. William Darby organized the American Rangers. This is the story of their training and heroic invasions of North Africa and Italy. The cast includes James Garner, Etchika Choureau, and Jack Warden.

Run Silent, Run Deep: Family (+)

When Clark Gable's submarine is sunk by a Japanese warship, he vows to return and sink that vessel. A year later he is given command of another submarine, but at the expense of Burt Lancaster, who thought that command had been given to him. Gable has to prove himself in a battle of wills with his crew and later show he is a better tactician than the Japanese. This is another of those tense submarine films where orders are barked like rifle shots and where the men wait in terrible silence while depth charges explode all about them.

Unholy Wife: Adults (—)

Diana Dors, in a death cell awaiting execution as a murderer, is confessing her crime to the priest. The audience gets her story in a flash back. A young mother deserted by her husband, she eventually marries wealthy Rod Steiger. Yet she prefers the love of a worthless carnival laborer. The film indicates that Rod is partly to blame for what happens —but even when she is executed it hardly seems punishment enough for her.

Desire Under the Elms: Adults (—)

A frequently unpleasant film. Burl Ives at 78 is a New England farmer who gloats over his 60 acres. Sophia Loren, with a checkered past at 25, succeeds in marrying him, fondly expecting that when he dies the farm will be hers. However, Anthony Perkins, one of her stepsons, is convinced his father killed his mother with overwork and that the land really belongs to him. Greed for the farm is the motivation of a sultry plot that leads to adultery and murder.

can try to understand his mother. She sees you as a threat to her way of life. She'd feel that way about any girl her boy liked. Can he encourage her to become more active socially with people her own age? Perhaps even join a club? If she could feel that she could enjoy life without him she would be more willing to let him grow up.

Q *A boy at school likes me too much. I turned him down when he asked for a date. He almost cried. Today he followed me around school, saying nothing. What can I do?—G.T.*

A Tell him gently that he should look for another girl. Ask him not to follow you. Be kind and friendly, but firm. Then give him time to get over his crush.

Q *There is a girl at school who has a poisonous tongue. She starts bad stories about all of us and when we accuse her she denies it though we have proof. Why should she be this way? How can we defend ourselves?—L.R.*

A Probably she is jealous and doubts her own adequacy. Accusations will make her worse. Look for things she can do well and encourage her to do them. If she could find real success frequently she'd cause less trouble. Chances are her stories don't fool anyone. People with poisonous tongues hurt themselves most.

Q *I'm 14 and over six feet. At school they call me Moose. Girls don't like me because I'm so big. What can I do?—N.H.*

A Turn to activities in which your height is an advantage—basketball, for example. Remember that most boys envy you. It is better to be unusually tall than short. You are too self-conscious. Nearly all people with unusual characteristics suffer needlessly. If you can ignore your stature, your friends will, too.

ADVICE. *A top man on youth problems, Dr. Barbour is head of the San Diego public-school counseling system—and is always glad to help teen readers. Address him c/o* TOGETHER, *740 N. Rush St., Chicago 11, Ill.*—EDS.

HAVE BOATING FUN

But Play It Safe

By FRANK G. CLEMENT

Governor and Mrs. Clement: From a mishap, a lesson.

DEATH CAME CALLING on me last year in a Tennessee lake near my home. One moment I was skimming along on water skis, far from shore, without a thought of danger. The next, I hit the water so hard my life belt was ripped from my waist.

As the lake closed over my head, I became aware of how tired I was from overexertion. My arms and legs were like great weights as I fought to reach the surface.

In those moments of desperation, I was sure that I was about to die; the Clement family was about to lose a husband and father in an accident.

But luck—or perhaps Providence—was with me that day. I found the life belt floating within easy reach and held onto it until my towboat circled and picked me up.

Since then I have become water-safety conscious. As governor of Tennessee, I have become increasingly aware of the dangers, as well as the unmatched opportunities for healthful recreation, that exist along the waterways of my state and nation. I almost drowned because I violated two prime rules of water safety: my life belt was not an approved type, and I had stayed out in the water after becoming too tired to swim or ski in safety.

I am one of several million Americans who have taken to the water because boating is great family recreation. I believe the sport has helped bring my family closer together. Perhaps the fact that countless other families also are enjoying this new feeling of closeness is one reason that enthusiasm for boating is sweeping the country today.

There are around 5 million out-

Who's proudest—Frank Clement, Jr., or his father? The two go after the big ones with a friend at the helm. With them, safety comes first.

boards afloat in the U.S., I am told. Most families pay about $350 for a motor. Smaller motors, which you can hitch onto almost any small craft, cost less. And the most powerful outboard-powered craft—like many inboard jobs—range up to the price of an expensive car. Sailboating has boomed almost as rapidly. As of now, there are an estimated 600,000 sailboats on all waterways. You can buy a small sailboat, handled by one person, for about $300.

In the motorboat field, improved boats and motors mean an increasing trend toward higher horsepower. And the combination of greater speed and heavier boating traffic means that better water safety is becoming imperative.

In Tennessee alone, if past years are any indication, 100 persons will drown this year. Hundreds of others throughout the nation will lose their lives. In most cases, unsafe practices in boating, water skiing, and swimming will be responsible.

I don't want to give the impression that God-given water is a thing to fear. But it has certainly earned my family's deep respect—a respect which has grown since I bought a 16-foot plastic outboard boat two summers ago. Like thousands of other American families, we now are learning to boat together—in safety. All of us are ardent water-sports enthusiasts—my wife, Lucille, and our three sons, Bob, 14, Frank, Jr., 8, and James Gary, 5.

THE five of us spend as much time as possible on beautiful Old Hickory Lake, which fronts our new home at Hendersonville, 20 miles or so northeast of Nashville. Thousands of boaters, swimmers, and fishermen flock to this wonderful water world, one of many now filling the winding river beds and deep valleys of Tennessee. From my front yard, I watch proud sailboats glide by in the gentle breeze; the lake's surface is dotted with scores of craft, ranging from small motorboats to cabin cruisers.

It is a beautiful sight, a paradise for outdoor recreation. But occasionally the promise becomes a threat. Swift motorboats dart in and out of this water traffic. Water skiers zip along behind the boats, ranging too close to docks and other craft. While most observe water-safety precautions, there are always a few who don't.

I do not pretend to be an expert on water safety. But my own mishap taught me the wisdom of learning the common-sense rules that will protect my family. I found there is an abundance of literature available to any who will take the time to study it.

Too many of us are like the man who declared: "Sure, I know all the safety rules. I should; I've broken all of them." You can find the consequences of such an attitude in any newspaper, particularly during the summer. Here, for example, are a few recent incidents in my own state:

A SPEEDING motorboat literally climbed aboard another craft, injuring a young woman.

A 16-foot runabout exploded at a dock, sending three women and a small boy to a hospital. The child died of burns.

An overloaded boat capsized under the spillway of a dam. Four men were drowned.

Seven duck hunters went out in a five-man aluminum boat. The boat capsized. Three men died.

Terrified bathers watched helplessly as a pilotless motorboat ran wild in their midst, lunged ashore, and injured a bystander.

A youthful water skier struck the side of a dock and was knocked unconscious.

An anchor line pulled a man overboard. His body was found 15 feet down, the line wrapped around one foot.

Time and again these grim stories are repeated. Since 1940, on TVA lakes alone, more than 800 persons have drowned, many from such causes as failing to provide life preservers, overloading, recklessness, and inexperience.

As a governor, one of my prime concerns is to reduce my state's highway-accident toll. To this end, our state patrolmen undergo intensive training. But I am just as concerned with the needless loss of life on Tennessee's waterways—and the state does not patrol the water. This is done, with commendable efficiency, by the U.S. Coast Guard, which has jurisdiction over all navigable waters in the area. Coast Guardsmen may board and inspect any craft. Reckless operators are subject to fines, which may range up to $200 for serious offenses.

But the Coast Guardsman, like the highway patrolman, can't be everywhere. A boat operator is responsible for his own safety and that of his family.

The owner and/or operator of a boat—either or both—is also responsible for its safe operation. Nonobservance of pilot rules, operating without proper equipment, or carrying an excessive number of persons may be construed as reckless or negligent operation. In the eyes of the Coast Guard, ignorance of the law is no valid excuse.

Water-traffic rules are called the Rules of the Road and knowledge of them is a must, especially on heavily traveled waters crowded with commercial and pleasure craft. Professional boatmen depend on these for their lives. It behooves the pleasure boater, who shares the waterways, to know the rules too. They're important.

Those of us who love water sports have observed many violations, each a potential tragedy. A typical offender is the fellow in a motorboat who spots some people in a rowboat and thinks it great sport to "scare the daylights out of them." He heads straight for the rowboat, veering at the last second—and leaving the occupants trembling, wet with spray, and sometimes overboard. Another delights in trying the same thing with bathers. Still another thinks it fun to see how narrowly he can miss a large commercial vessel or a cabin cruiser.

SUCH shenanigans have no place among the pleasant hours my family spends on the water. All of us can swim, but our first rule is that we wear life belts—*approved* life belts since my accident—on every cruise. Our oldest son, Bob, is an expert water skier and can solo on one ski—but, believe you me, he has joined his father in observing the safety rules! To skim over the water in a refreshing breeze is great pleasure to us both, but we realize recklessness can menace our lives and the lives of others.

We are only five among the millions in the U.S. who have found family solidarity and benefit in boating. It is a family sport which appeals to all of us. Rich in fresh air and healthful exercise, at the same time it builds character and respect for authority. In my own boys, I've noticed the beginnings of a maturity of judgment I want them to have as adults.

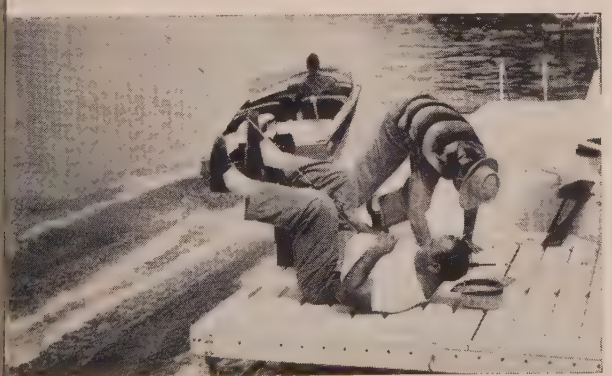
I don't think I ever enjoy the water as much as when I have the boys with me; it is just about the best way I can conceive for any father to be close to his sons.

Above and beyond, one finds a new closeness to God as he travels the waterways. Out there are the sunshine and wind—his boat is the only man-made thing around. The rest is water and a new awareness of the many gifts a generous Creator has bestowed upon all of us, his creatures.

Don't Flirt With Disaster!

verloading, dangerous but common, contributes to many multiple drownings on the nation's waterways.

orrect mounting of the motor can cause the bow to ride too high, cutting performance and safety.



oating has its share of show-offs. Thoughtful boaters avoid beaches, piers, and residential areas.

Know how to swim—but don't be too confident. Many more youngsters are going on family boating trips these days and quite a few are nonswimmers or, at best, poor swimmers. This makes it even more important for you to avoid accidents.

Take no chances with rough weather. Keep up to the minute with weather forecasts. A sudden storm can convert a large body of water into a dangerous sea.

Don't prowl about the craft, especially if it's small. If your movements don't capsize the boat, you at least run the risk of falling overboard. And *never* stand up in the boat.

Don't overload. The more you put in a boat, the deeper it sinks in the water. Too much weight makes it easy to swamp. Pay attention to the load limits the manufacturer has established.

Be careful about load distribution. Too much weight at one end will make it hard to control the boat. Distribute the load throughout the boat until it performs properly.

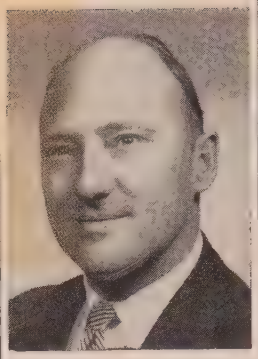
Use common sense and, if trouble comes, keep your head. Common sense stops most people from driving uphill on the wrong side of the road, from striking a match to see if there's gas in the tank, or from putting a radio on the edge of the bathtub. It will enable you to avoid most boating hazards, too. By all means, no horseplay. Children should learn this immediately.

Watch out for fire. There is not much danger of fire in an outboard boat. But owners of outboard cruisers equipped with enclosed fuel-storage tanks must take additional precautions. Fuel compartments and bilges should be well ventilated and electrical connections installed with safety in mind. Keep fire away when refueling; wipe up spilled fuel immediately. Keep a fire extinguisher handy.

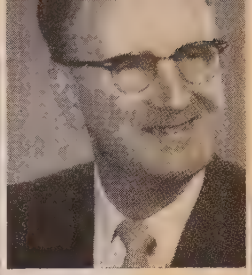
Learn the rules for right of way, channel markings, anchorages, and use of lights. Reduce speed when passing bathing beaches. Make sure you have enough fuel in the tank, plus an emergency supply in containers.

C. A. Nowlen, Sr.
Casper, Wyo.

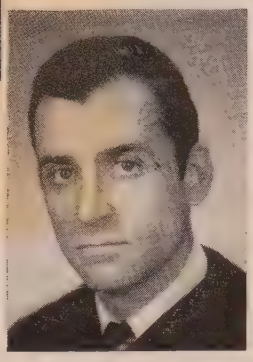
Margaret Henrichsen
N. Sullivan, Me.



W. Jene Miller
Bartlesville, Okla.



A. Robert Anderson
Wooster, Ohio



A. S. Turnipseed
Mobile, Ala.

Light Unto My Path

WEEKLY MEDITATIONS BY PASTORS ON THE INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

MAY 18

Therefore, as the Holy Spirit says, "Today, when you hear his voice, do not harden your hearts as in the rebellion, on the day of testing in the wilderness."—Hebrews 3:7-8

WHEN ABRAHAM LINCOLN was in his first campaign for the presidency he learned that his son Bob's friend, George Latham, had failed in his attempt to enter Harvard. Lincoln took time from his busy campaign to write him:

"I have scarcely felt greater pain in my life than on learning yesterday from Bob's letter, that you had failed to enter Harvard University. And yet there is very little in it, if you will allow no feeling of discouragement to seize, and prey upon you. It is a certain truth, that you can enter and graduate . . . and having made the attempt, you must succeed in it. 'MUST' is the word."

He went on to say that "you cannot fail if you resolutely determine that you will not." In the light of Lincoln's many failures to achieve his own goals, there is a warm, human insight in these words of his.

If failure is to be considered final, his life was a failure. But if you consider failure as one incident which will discipline and inspire greater effort, then it becomes the prelude to success.

The generation which rode horseback used to say that if thrown from a horse you must immediately remount and prove to yourself that you could.

There is good psychology in this statement as well as in that which Lincoln wrote to Latham. We need to regard failures as disciplinary steps on the road to greater achievement.

God's spirit often speaks to us through failure, through circumstance, and in our conscience when we have known moral failure. Often the discipline of the circumstance seems harsh. Then it is we need to guard ourselves against resentment that we may learn. If we can humbly and prayerfully seek the lessons of failure, and if we can seek God's help as we start again, that event can be of great value. Try again, learn from our mistakes, keep humble, and always ask God for his interpretation of the failure. With all of this it may well become true that "MUST" is the word.

Prayer: O God, help us to learn from our failures. Make us more tolerant of the failures of others. We ask forgiveness for any guilt that we have, and we pray that thou wilt help us to greater effort and to greater efficiency. In Jesus' name. Amen.

—CHARLES A. NOWLEN, SR.

MAY 25

Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord; and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might.—Deuteronomy 6:4-5

ON A STRETCH OF LAND inland from the Maine coast and known as the blueberry barrens, there are five miles so flat there is not a six-foot difference in elevation. This flat stretch was used as the base line for the calculations of the geodetic survey as the coast of Maine with all its bays, inlets, and promontories was mapped. Triangulation from that base line to the fixed star Arcturus made accurate mapping possible.

So this confession of faith (Deuteronomy 6:4-5) is the base line for Christian thinking. Jesus was brought up in a home in which, according to Jewish custom, this verse was recited daily. It was basic to his thinking. It must become basic to ours. International confusion, personal unhappiness, moral delinquency, stem from a loss of a sense of direction, which can only be corrected as we take our observations of life and map our course of action from this base. Jesus added the word that to love God with heart and soul and might meant also loving our neighbors as ourselves. "On these two commandments depend all the law and the prophets."

To love God with heart and soul and might means with our intelligence, feelings, wills, and determination. Partial love of God, involving only part of our nature, is responsible for much halfhearted Christian living. When the whole self puts God first, life becomes gloriously whole.

Prayer: O Thou whose question to us is always "Wilt thou be made whole?" we come to thee for wholeness for ourselves and for our divided homes and our divided churches and our sorely divided world. In all things may we learn to love thee with heart and soul and might, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

—MARGARET HENRICHSEN

JUNE 1

Have I not commanded you? Be strong and of good courage; be not frightened, neither be dismayed; for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go.—Joshua 1:9

TWO MEN I KNOW went broke. All that lay before them were mountainous debts, economic uncertainty, and a completely new social status. One turned to the consolation to which he had often turned when life seemed too big. He turned to drink. He found out, as alcoholics do, that alcohol doesn't drown trouble. His path led downward until his wife and family were forced to leave him. His home, prestige, skill all left him. He became a human derelict.

The other man, too, turned to the consolation to which he had always turned when life seemed too big. He prayed. He turned to the love and understanding of his family.

He suddenly realized that he had been giving too much time to his business. His evenings and spare time had been directed to improving his small music store. Now all that effort was lost, but he found a treasure in the love, respect, and fellowship of his family. His church received more of his time, too, and having lost material values, he discovered that he had found everything that really counted.

Both men faced futures seemingly without redemption. But God was in one man's future. That was more than enough. Today he has almost repaid his debts and he still has life's greatest treasures. The other man has been absolved of all legal responsibility, but he has found nothing but degradation and emptiness. Where God was not in his future, there was no future in him. Where God went into every pattern of his neighbor's thoughts and plans, that future was glorious. "Be strong and of good courage; be not frightened, neither be dismayed; for the Lord your God is with you wherever you go."

Prayer: Our Father, give us not so much a desire to succeed as a desire to be constantly with thee and within thy will. Make us content with each day to find thy will of love and peace and redemption, and to make it part of our own lives and of our family's lives. In the name of our Redeemer we pray. Amen.

—W. JENE MILLER

JUNE 8

He said, "Then put away the foreign gods which are among you, and incline your heart to the Lord, the God of Israel." —Joshua 24:23

A VISITOR from another planet, knowing nothing of our religious beliefs, would be confused trying to discover the kind of God we human beings actually worship.

If he read our newspapers some articles might lead him to conclude that we worship strange, metallic creatures named Thor, Jupiter, or Polaris.

Our devotion to many other "foreign gods" would surely lead him to an analysis of our spiritual state which would not be complimentary.

Joshua and the children of Israel were struggling with an age-old problem—the jealousy of Israel's God. "You shall have no other gods before me."

Many demands are made upon our loyalties in these confused and perplexing days. Joshua reminds us that there is one loyalty which stands high above all others.

Reference has sometimes been made to the exclusiveness of Christianity—the demand for an uncompromising loyalty to the God revealed in Jesus Christ. All other gods are excluded.

This demand for loyalty to one God is a source of irritation to those who have no purpose at the center of their lives—their loyalties are scattered among their material needs and desires.

Those who would eagerly explore the higher levels discover Christianity to be a religion which demands exclusive loyalty because it reveals a truth about God and man and life that is final: "... there is no other name under heaven given among men by which we must be saved."

Prayer: O God, we would be faithful to thee who hast been ever faithful to us. Give us the courage to look beyond the lesser loyalties and to follow our Master to the greatest loyalty of all. Amen.

—A. ROBERT ANDERSON

JUNE 15

Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; let him return to the Lord, that he may have mercy on him and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.—Isaiah 55:7

THIS IS THE DEEPEST of divine appeals—repent and return to God. Here the problem of sin is secondary to the solution of the problem—divine forgiveness.

In Isaiah 55, the prophet is speaking to the exiled Jews in Babylon. At the time he speaks they enjoy great material prosperity. Yet they "labor for that which satisfieth not." He proposes that they repent and that they see themselves as a people divinely commissioned to call all the nations of the world to the Holy One of Israel.

Their commander is the Messiah. When Israel follows this leader in an appeal to the nations, peace and joy unspeakable shall come. Then "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree."

Today the Church is the new Israel, exiled in a modern Babylon of material wealth and trust in hydrogen bombs. In this alien world church members "labor for that which satisfieth not."

God wants a contrite Church today that will follow Jesus Christ, the leader and commander. The gospel must be proclaimed that God forgives repentant sinners. This is the church's call to individuals. This is the church's call to nations. If heeded, the myrtle tree will come up instead of the brier.

Prayer: O God, grant thy church the humility, born of repentance, which shall enable thy people to preach divine forgiveness. Amid the deluding prosperity of our modern Babylonian captivity, show us that our evil is real but that thy pardon is abundant. Make us a chosen Israel to preach to all men and nations this gospel of redemption and revival in Christ. Amen.

—A. S. TURNIPSEED

Looks at New Books

FBI CHIEF **J. Edgar Hoover** has performed another notable service; he has written a grass-roots primer on the Communist evil in this nation. Meticulously, like an FBI bureau preparing a file on a suspect, he has set down—largely in the Reds' own words and actions—their true aims and then carefully contrasted them with our own American ideals. His book, with the apt title *Masters of Deceit* (Holt, $5), is as interest-holding as a spy thriller and deserves a careful reading by every thoughtful American.

Importantly, he accents throughout the basic difference between Communism and democracy—the cornerstone of atheism on which the Reds are rearing their house of tyranny. His detailed analysis of party machinations, all aimed at producing "the Communist man"—an unthinking, fully disciplined being who obeys orders from on high without question—makes hair-raising reading. Repeatedly, he points out that the Reds in the U.S. constantly latch onto legitimate aims as a cover for their real goals—and warns that not everyone who champions those worth-while causes is a Communist. Then, to clinch his point, he lists the ways whereby you and your neighbors can spot a Red front.

There are plenty of pointed lessons for Christian families. Take, for example, this:

"In America today many hundreds of children, growing up in Communist homes . . . are taught from the earliest years that God does not exist . . . Party parents provide special Marxist instruction for their children. One father would sit down with his youngsters and discuss items appearing in the *Daily Worker;* another . . . communist family gathered around a table and spent an hour or two in Party self-criticism and promising to do better."

That, says the American who knows the Red peril best, is how the Reds are working. How about us? Are Christian families working as hard with their children? If we're not, heaven help the next generation! Remember, Red leader William Z. Foster dedicated his book in 1949 to "my great-grandson, Joseph Manley Kolko, who will live in a Communist United States."

With characteristic modesty, **Bishop Gerald Kennedy** says of his new book, *The Methodist Way of Life* (Prentice-Hall, $3.50), "It is a great story I have to tell; I wish it could have been told better." But the reader finds it hard to imagine how that could have been done.

With a keen sense of historical values and an ability to dive below the surface to explore trends and tendencies, this still-young leader draws a picture of Methodism in the making, as well as the movement that has made history. He enlivens his record with human-interest incidents, about himself as well as others. Best of all, he describes for Methodist veterans along with newcomers the joy of being a Methodist, with emphasis on the experience of fellowship with God and man.

Author-sleuth. *FBI Chief J. Edgar Hoover (here being decorated by President Eisenhower): His book on Reds gets down to basic issue—atheism vs. religion.*

We're mighty proud when a member of our TOGETHER family has a new book published. We even trotted out a fancy cake and coffee to celebrate the day of publication of our own Dr. Nall's 15th book.

The Bible When You Need It Most (Association Press, 50¢), by **Dr. T. Otto Nall,** editor of *The New Christian Advocate* and contributing editor of TOGETHER, is the best 50 cents' worth I've seen in book publishing. This able theologian presents 40 meditations and scriptural references for almost every crucial moment in your life.

Written in parables gleaned from the lives of people familiar to all of us, Dr. Nall leads us right to helpful Bible verses which support us in meeting the stresses and strains of everyday living.

Here is Emerson, man of letters, in his authentic, puritanical background with all his family and most of his friends on hand. *The Life of Ralph Waldo Emerson,* by **Ralph L. Rusk** (Columbia University Press, $7.50), is a scholarly document, sometimes buried in detail, more often completely fascinating. It's a thorough picture of Emerson the man, the poet, the philosopher, the nonconformist, the Transcendentalist, the lecturer, the nature lover, the thinker.

Especially enlightening are accounts of his contact with other writers of his time. None hesitated to express his opinion of Emerson's work—and these comments make good reading.

In an age of conformity it's good to be reminded of this great individualist.

My Bonnie asked to read *Kissing Cousins* (Doubleday, $3) by **Emily Hahn.** She's been a Hahn fan for years

wo very English daughters of this American woman adjusted to life in hese United States.

They met swarms of cousins, uncles, unts with great aplomb. Their detachment often frustrated their mother, who expected her British-reared youngters to react to American life with ypically American enthusiasm.

"This book," reports Bonnie, "is sort f a double take on how mama reacts o how daughters react. It certainly doesn't have the stuff of her *China to Me* or *The Soong Sisters*."

Ulcer Gulch, Apple Polish Alley, or Madison Avenue—by whatever name ou know the fabulous street where enters the $10-billion industry called dvertising, you'll comprehend its means, methods, and reasoning a lot better when you've read *Madison Avenue, U.S.A.* (Harper, $4.95) by **Martin Mayer.**

It's unlike books of recent years which deal with the field of advertising and marketing, in that it's a book of personalities and names, facts and explanations which reveal the development of this anxiety-ridden, logic-based business of which we are all, willy-nilly, continuing participants.

One day in July, 1893, a tough young street fighter was rushed to a Chicago hospital with a knife wound in the heart. As the patient grew rapidly weaker, a brash Negro surgeon cut into the chest and closed the wound. It was all over in a few minutes, but the patient lived for another 20 years—the first human to survive an operation of the heart!

You find plenty of such surprises in *The Lonesome Road* (Doubleday, $5.75), **Saunders Redding's** story of the Negro's part in America. He tells the story of surgeon Daniel Hale Williams as just one of a long and distinguished parade of Negroes who have helped not only to advance their own race but to fulfill the American dream.

You meet Daniel Payne, who in 1811 founded a school for Negroes and went on to become a bishop of the African Methodist Church, and Frederick Douglass, who urged Harriet Beecher Stowe to promote industrial training for Negroes. Closer to our times, there are standouts like Langston Hughes, Thurgood Marshall, and Joe Louis.

Redding is on the faculty of Hampton Institute in Virginia and one of the most literate writers of our day. His book is an extraordinary combination of drama, racial insight, and, at times, sheer poetry. Anyone who pretends to be informed about the Negro question will want to read *The Lonesome Road*. It is latest in Doubleday's Mainstream of America series.

—BARNABAS

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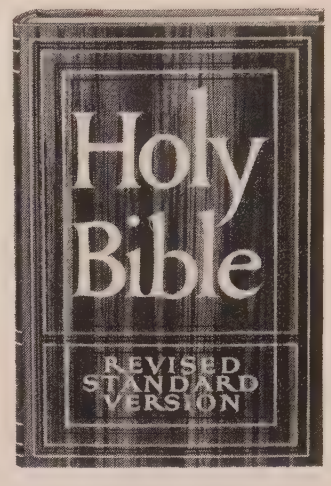

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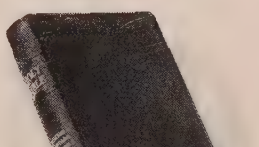
. . . *in the language we use today*



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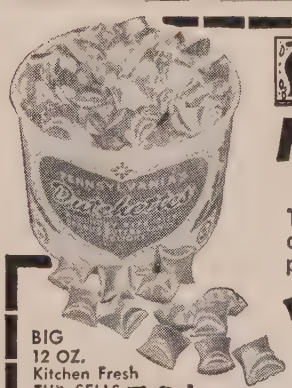

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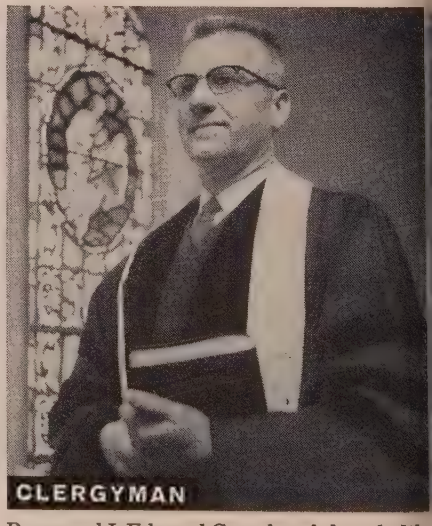

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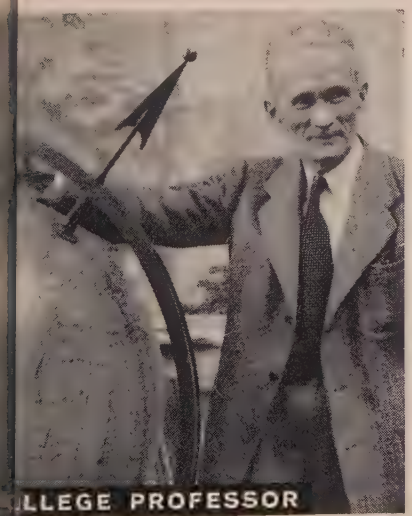

ph Doty, Professor of History, teaches t the past and invests in the future shares of General Electric stock.

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Browsing in Fiction

Gerald Kennedy

BISHOP, LOS ANGELES AREA,
THE METHODIST CHURCH

SOME CAME RUNNING, by James Jones *(Scribner's, $7.50)*

Before anyone sends a telegram canceling his subscription because such a book is mentioned in a Methodist publication, give me a chance to say why I want to talk about it. I remind you right at the beginning that there is no compulsion for you to read it nor is it necessary to have it placed in the church library. But a good many people are buying it, reading it, and talking about it, and I think there are some things which ought to be said that I have not heard mentioned as yet. I have a sort of compulsion complex to speak my piece.

Some years ago Jones wrote his first novel, *From Here to Eternity*. It became a best seller, was translated into foreign languages, came out in a paperback edition, and has been read by thousands—maybe millions. I reviewed that book. At the time we were debating universal military training. I was opposed to UMT and I said this was a good description of peacetime army life. I presented it as a tract against peacetime conscription and it was even put in *The Congressional Record*.

I approach this second novel in much the same spirit and attitude. This one, too, is a tract for the times. The people in it have no more morals than a rabbit, and they live their lives through to their dreary, tragic conclusions. The plot does not matter much, but perhaps it ought to be said that a returned soldier who wants to write comes back home and picks out the dregs of society as his companions. He has a successful brother whom he hates and one can hardly blame him for that reaction. Life for most of the characters becomes a round of drinking and adultery, with only now and then a slight indication of kindness and decency.

Jones deals with one of the fundamental mistaken ideas of our time—if you are an artist or rich you can ignore the moral law. Indeed, you are expected to regard ordinary morality as an opiate of the people. It is for the boobs and the failures, but not for the intelligentsia or the successful. But Jones is honest enough to show that this will not work and that the artists and the wealthy end up in despair like anyone else. If we could only learn that these disciplines and regulations which society has adopted officially are much more than matters of convenience, we could be saved. It is the most amazing thing in the world that with all the histories of the rise and fall of civilizations before us, as well as the great insights of philosophers and writers, we still refuse to believe that the Ten Commandments are more than interesting antiquities of the Jews.

This book is too long anyway, and it costs too much. Take my word for it, brethren, and read your Bible.

THE NEW ENGLAND STORY, by Henry Beetle Hough *(Random House, $3.95)*.

To balance up this column, I want to mention one book that I recommend wholeheartedly. A number of years ago there came to my desk Hough's volume, *Once More the Thunderer*. It was the observations of an editor in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard. I was so delighted with it that I was prepared to be enthusiastic about anything this man wrote. I have not been disappointed in this novel and I think most of you will like it.

It is the story of the Adams family of New England and of a man who wrote a great book with Captain Enoch Adams as the hero. Then there comes along a young man who wants to find out more about Captain Adams to understand the masterpiece that was written about him. It has just the right amount of suspense to keep you wondering how it will all turn out and the characters all come to life and are real. Some of the people are not any nicer than some of those in *Some Came Running*. But there seems to be a cleaner atmosphere and that, my friends, is important.

Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor of The New Christian Advocate, *now prepares this column, succeeding Dr. Carl Michalson, who is in the Orient.*

Questions About

Your Faith

What is in the Bible for me?

Answers to present-day questions? Of course, for the Bible is as up to date as today's sunrise. Help on personal problems? To be sure, for the Bible is a laboratory guide for living. Good news in a day of prevailingly bad news? Yes, for the Bible reaches beyond the individual to the community, nation, world, and starry universe in a space age.

Yet, the Bible is not the only revelation; in fact, it isn't revelation at all, and they have done us all a disservice who have set up an infallible Book in place of an infallible Church. The revelation is Jesus Christ, the Son of God. The Bible serves us by pointing the way to him. So, it is not history, or poetry, or science; it is proclamation.

Can faith heal sickness?

Faith can't, but God can. It is within his power to heal all the sick, even where there is no cure known to the human race.

If God can, why doesn't he? He probably has hundreds of reasons we do not know, but we can be sure that he does not agree with faith healers who say, "There is no greater good than good health." Plainly, God does not say, "Yes," to every sincere prayer we offer for healing.

If we are willing to trust the will of God, whether or not it brings healing, frequently this faith works changes in mental attitude and healing actually results. The feeling of defeat gives way to victory. Estrangement from God is replaced by closeness, or oneness. And we may say that our faith has helped "make us whole."

What can I expect from church?

The Sunday-morning service is a small part of Church (with a capital "C"), but the service is what is usually meant by the question. And the answer is: worship and fellowship. The Sunday service offers an opportunity for both. But it does not guarantee either.

Take worship. How much the churchgoer gets from worship depends on his own abilities and sensitivities—on his own acquaintance with God. All the church can do is supply "aids for worship."

The quality of your worship depends on what you bring into the door far more than on the architecture of the place, the symbols you see, or even the hymns and prayers you repeat as parts of your worship.

Actually, you can worship God anywhere, if you will. And no amount of off-key singing or uninspired preaching or shocking pettiness on the part of members can keep you from worshiping, if you will. Secret police can't stop you.

Furthermore, you can fellowship (all too inadequate a word for the "fellowship of those who remember Jesus"). It has many characteristics: It is a redemptive fellowship—saving the lost. And who isn't lost in some parts of his life? It is an inclusive fellowship, without barriers of race and class and culture. It is an eternal fellowship, bridging the gaps of time and place.

"Merton S. Rice . . . was my dear friend, and I can testify that his life was so gracious, his gospel so kind, and his manner so captivating that to have him as a friend caused one to grow."

–BISHOP ARTHUR J. MOORE
The Methodist Church

LOVINGLY told by Elaine Rice Chabut, this is an intimate biography of her big, brawny, brotherly father, Dr. Merton S. Rice – the preacher who came to Detroit to serve a congregation of 200 people and stayed to build the largest Methodist Church of his day. You see him as a rare leader, and "as a wonderful and understanding father" to his children. "He lived as he preached . . . Papa's humor bubbled over and we thought him the funniest man alive." His laughter, his enthusiasm, his compassion, live on in this book. His faith overflows to inspire and fill your life as it filled the lives of all who knew him. His work and his words go marching on in

PREACHER MIKE

The Life of Dr. Merton S. Rice

By ELAINE RICE CHABUT

$4.00 • CITADEL

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Everett Tilson

Does the Bible demand segregation? Does it provide precedent to support segregation? What are the implications of biblical faith for a Christian approach to segregation? You will find Dr. Tilson's answers to these questions enlightening and absorbing. Cloth, $2.50; Paper, $1.50

Also by Dr. Tilson:

SHOULD CHRISTIANS DRINK?

An objective inquiry into the scriptural evidence. Cloth, $2; Paper, $1

Order from your bookstore

ABINGDON PRESS

The tin-can twins can keep a secret under their hats—tuck a surprise inside both twins and use them as party favors!

tin-can twins! Just ask Mom for two small frozen-juice cans. Then cut construction paper so it fits between the top and bottom rims of each can. Next, wrap the paper around the can and fasten it in place with glue or cellophane tape.

Now you're ready to put faces on the twins by pasting on their eyes, mouth, and other features. We curled Tilly's paper hair by rolling it up on a pencil, but you may want to try other hair styles. You could even use yarn. Paper baking cups make dandy hats, and rubber bands or pipe cleaners will hold them snugly in place.

Then add a flower to Tilly's hat, trim the brim off Tommy's cap just a bit, and presto! Your tin-can twins are finished! You may want to use them as party favors (put a surprise inside each one) or give them to Dad or Mom. By removing the hats, they can use them to hold pencils.

They're Fun to Make

Mr. Spudster is the very latest in spacemen. Make him in a jiffy—from an ordinary potato!

To make Mr. Spudster all you need are a potato, a good imagination, and some odds and ends found around the house. Our spudster has pipe-cleaner arms and legs, a screw nose, brass-fastener eyes, an aluminum-foil helmet, and spring antennae. Of course you will want to make your space spud in your own special way.

Spudster spacemen are so much fun to make that you may even want to use the idea at your next party. Ask Dad and Mother to help you gather together enough material for several spudsters. Then, when your guests arrive, give each one a potato and let him make his own spaceman.

Slice the bottom off each potato so it will sit up by itself. Small paper plates covered with aluminum foil make shiny flying saucers for the finished spudsters to sit on. When all the spacemen are completed, you may want to vote and then give a prize to the creator of the funniest spudster!

Anthony Ant and Timothy Mouse

By Ellen W. Brashares

Timothy Mouse lived in a house,
A house made of grass and soft hair.
He could nibble and eat,
And wiggle his feet;
He hadn't a worry or care.

Anthony Ant crawled up a plant
That grew by his house made of sand.
He always was worried;
He hurried and scurried,
The busiest ant in the land.

Anthony Ant fell off the plant.
He landed on Timothy's nose.
It was quite a surprise—
Before Timothy's eyes
Were Anthony's tickle-y toes!

Timothy's sneeze made quite a breeze,
And Anthony flew through the air.
He found he was flying
Without even trying;
No hurry or scurry up there!

Timothy peeked. Loudly he squeaked,
"That's fun! Shall we try it again?
I'll be happy to sneeze
Anytime that you please.
Just fall on my nose now and then."

Timothy Mouse lives in the house
Where Anthony comes every day,
And Timothy sneezes
When Anthony pleases—
Together they share in their play!

A Prayer

Thank you for making
This world so much fun,
For making blue skies
And a bright yellow sun,
For wee things to see
Like tadpoles and snails,
For putting the wiggle
In little dogs' tails.
Thank you, dear God,
For all of the cheer
You've put in this world—
I'm so glad to be here!

—Ruth M. Adams

Can You Name These 'Animals?'

One is a kitten
Who never can purr,

Two is a tiger
Who never says, "Grrr,"

Three is a lion
Who simply can't roar,

But each is a name
Which you've heard of before!

Answers:
pussy willow, tiger lily, dandelion

Clay models are Tommy's specialty, but his talent carries over to sand sculpture, too. His tools: trowel, tin can, and a stick.

Hobby Alley

He Makes His Toys to Order

By ESTHER YANDT

STORE-bought toys?

Not for Tommy Woodard, an eighth grader in La Crosse, Wis. He has more fun with playthings he makes himself!

Just give Tommy modeling clay, in various colors, and a supply of toothpicks. He furnishes the rest—10 nimble fingers and an unbounded imagination. Soon he'll have another of his fanciful miniature tableaux. Already these creations have led many of his friends to

Winter fun in summertime —at least with these clay models. "Snow" is a chenille bedspread.

the hobby. His only training has
en experience—since pre-kindergar-
days.

Imagination stirred by movies, TV
grams, current events, or books (his-
y is a favorite), Tommy expresses
interest with clay-and-toothpick
dels representing such events as
thmen exploring unknown planets
Knights of the Round Table rescu-
maidens in distress.

After playing with one of these
nes, his interest and the spirit of ad-
nture may fade. But a remedy is
se at hand; he just kneads together
battered miniatures and is ready
another imaginative excursion into
past . . . or the future.

Tommy works rapidly, fashioning a
ical clay figure in about five min-
s. After all, the faster he works the
re scenes he can represent in clay.
d remember—all of them are made
order!

Future adventures in space, Tommy fancies, may mean encountering now-unknown forms of life. Black threads suspend Earth, Saturn, and the moon. Mounds are paper, crayon colored.

ommy, at right, shows off an elaborate example of his skill. Specially built stage protects figures, provides better display.

Whew! You hobbyists have us swamped!
This month we tried to catch up—
but didn't. If you've asked to be listed,
just keep watching. We won't forget.

Name Your Hobby

BUTTONS: Eunice Pederson, 324 N. Michigan, Glendora, Calif.; Charles C. Smith, 4550 Grand Ave., Glendale, Ariz.; Mrs. Elizabeth Nichols, Worcester, N.Y.

CERAMICS: R. L. Norris, R. 2, Box 225B, Jackson 9, Miss.

CHESS BY MAIL: Rev. Allen R. Conway, 28 Fenton Ave., Mogadore, Ohio.

CHURCH BULLETINS: Mrs. Arno Schueffner, 726 Pine St., Sheboygan Falls, Wis.; Ruth A. Jacobs, Deaconess Home, Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati 6, Ohio; Mrs. Edith Shively, 6249 King Ave., Bell, Calif.

CHURCH PAPERS: Mrs. Omar J. Stoutner, RR 1, Keota, Iowa.

CLUBS FOR SHUT-INS: Miss Buel McGhee, 305 Sunflower Dr., Wichita 11, Kan.; Mrs. Ruth E. Brown, Box 463, Ogden, Utah; Mrs. Stella C. Ballinger, 1235 Vine St., Apt. 14, Cincinnati 10, Ohio.

COINS: Mrs. Floyd Hawley, 1357 S. 22nd St., Ft. Dodge, Iowa (Liberty Head Nickels); Emerson E. Evans, 1215 Miller Ave., Portland, Ind. (Indian Head Pennies); Lawrence O. Dean, RD 2, Norwood, N.Y.

CROCHETING: Mrs. Bessie Rehlmeyer, 501 Girard St., Metropolis, Ill. (hats).

CUFF LINKS: A/2c Gary Lemotte, 2851st Air Base Wing, Kelly AFB, San Antonio, Tex.

CUPS & SAUCERS: Lyda E. Potter, R. 1, Box 335, Ridgefield, Wash.

EARRINGS: Mrs. George T. White, 422 S. Tama, Manchester, Iowa.

ENTERING CONTESTS: Mrs. B. Mingus, Box 269, Vine Grove, Ky.

FANS: Mrs. E. A. Sleight, 25 Dakota Pl., Staten Island 14, N.Y.; Mrs. Albert J. Skrivan, Tilden, Neb.

FILMS: W. A. Williams, 118 Main Ave., Sea Cliff, N.Y. (stereopticon "coming attraction" slides, movie films circa 1911-17).

FLYING SAUCERS: Jan Olson, 315 Waldo St., Rockford, Ill.

GENEALOGY: Mrs. Grace Hayes Jones, R. 3, Newport, Wash. (Hayes, Terrill, Dexter, Sherwood, Wood, Burr, Tuttle); Mrs. Florence White, 2828 N. Fairview, R. 1, Decatur, Ill. (Austin, Warnick, Wornack, Kasson); Ralph Thomason, Aledo, Ill. (Thomason, Thomasson, or Thomison); Fred Harris, 933 Royal Rd., Wichita, Kan. (Bryant, Chesney, Foushee, Van Dyke); Mrs. Lawrence A. Grimes, RD 1, Rome, N.Y. (Cronk, Cronkhite, Durey, Thornton); Mrs. Elizabeth Hayes Baldwin, 217 Pennsylvania, Garden City, Kan. (Bishop, Harris, Wade, Johnson, Pyle, Hayes); Marian Weaver, RR 3, Pittsfield, Ill. (Heintzelman).

Mrs. Naomi Lenon, Box 525, Patagonia, Ariz. (Lenon, Brunt, Shoemaker, Selby, Cline, Willoughby, Wagner, Wegner, Burrous); Mrs. W. J. McCord, RD 1, Rhinebeck, N.Y. (Davidson, Groehl, McCord); Mrs. Herbert Spielman, Petersburg, Ohio (Pryor, Aaron, Moser, Geohart, Bower, Griffith, Geller, Exline); Ernest N. Hogue, 106 William St., Aliquippa, Pa. (Hogue, Tull, Scales, Powell, Mahan, Giddens); Mrs. Ray Farley, 1379 W. Commerce, Lewisburg, Tenn. (Royal, Hill, Stone, Joyce, Yarbroush); Rev. Harry Gleim, Box 56, Dike, Iowa (Gleim, Shambaugh).

Mrs. Verda Green Fligg, 310 W. Burlington St., Fairfield, Iowa (Green); Mrs. H. W. Maris, Unit 1, Apt. 49A, Pecos, Tex. (Maris, Records, Cadwell, Cotton); Mrs. Richard S. Harrison, 820 E. Clarkson St., Little Rock, Ark. (White); Mrs. Elma Perigo Marquez, 10110 E. Palm Ave., Bellflower, Calif. (White, Bowman, Little, Kilgore, Perigo, Perrigo, McLeod, Rand, Wright, Wilson, Kenny, Marquez, Valequela, DeAlbar, Blanco, Townsend, Hayes, Russell, Godman); Jay Reese, Echo, Ore. (Rees, Reese, Staats, Enos, House, Mills).

HANDKERCHIEFS: Dorothy Stimson, 5439 31st St., NW, Washington 15, D.C.; Mrs. G. E. Blanchard, 2018 High St., Portsmouth, Va. (with crocheted edges).

HISTORY: Wesley Johnston, 7522 Chappel, Chicago, Ill. (Civil War); Mrs. Elsie C. Wells, Bakersfield, Vt. (of Bakersfield, tracing familes that moved west such as Adams, Ayres, Boutwell, Brigham, Child, and many others).

HORTICULTURE: Mrs. D. O. Corner, 508 10th St. NW, Canton, Ohio (gourds); Mrs. Lillian Hendrickson, 2 Oaklawn Ave., LaVale, Md. (African violets).

INDIAN ARTIFACTS: Mrs. Willard Duffy, R. 1, Okarche, Okla.

INDIAN LORE: Mrs. William Peters, 655 First Parish Rd., Scituate, Mass.; Harry Davis, 79 E. Greenwich Ave., Roosevelt, N.Y.

INSECTS: Lanny Browder, E-5 Seminary Village, Louisville, Ky. (raising crickets).

KEY CHAINS: Ellen Willits, RR 3, Greenfield, Ind.; John S. Young, 1210 St. Louis St., Edwardsville, Ill.

MINERS' LAMPS: Robert Lenon, Box 525, Patagonia, Ariz.

MODELS: Gary Bevington, 4532 Boulevard Pl., Des Moines 11, Iowa (control-line airplanes).

NEEDLEWORK: Miss Buel McGhee, 305 Sunflower Dr., Wichita 11, Kan.; Mrs. Thomas Crawford, Jr., Box 42, Perryopolis, Pa.

OBJECTS BEARING 'LORD'S PRAYER': Mrs. Ruth Tompkins, 50 Hano St., Allston, Mass.

PENCILS: Sibyl N. Moore, 19 E. Masonic View Ave., Alexandria, Va.; Sue Williams, RR 2, Butler, Ohio; Rev. Dale W. Sharp, Box 234, Buckner, Mo.; Tommy Mann, Box 145, Bluemont, Va. (lead).

PENNANTS: Russell Sage, Box 357, Spencer, Ohio.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Mrs. Harold Shufelt, RR 2, Burr Oak, Mich.

PIGEONS: Edward G. Weber, 8510 Inwood Ave., Dayton 5, Ohio.

PILLOW CASES: Mrs. Arthur Behnke, 20 S. 14th St., Hamilton, Ill.

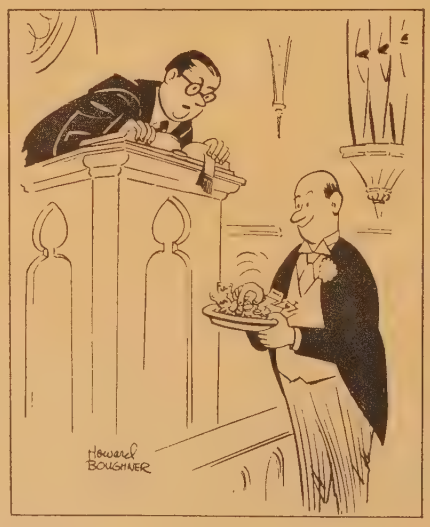
PINS: Juanita Skulley, Hermitage, Tenn. (scatter); Supt. Arthur J. Kahabka, Whiteside County Nursing Home, Round Grove, Ill. (scarf and stick).

PLATES: Mrs. Jessie Sollers, Box 131, Cedar Vale, Kan. (wood, china, glass).

POST CARDS: Mrs. R. J. Lyon, Box 616, Redmond, Wash.; Mrs. Joseph Lockard, 275 S. Eighth St., Columbia, Pa.; Janice Burt, 113 Lyons St., Bennington, Vt.; Nancy Martin, 2203 Camellia Dr., Wilmington, N.C.; Mrs. M. M. Brannon, Box 143, Ferris, Tex. (of churches); Miss Lorean Miller, 410 Howard St., Boone, N.C.; Connie Myers, 35601 Lorain Rd., North Ridgeville, Ohio.

Richard Lay, RR 3, Box 298, Chandler, Okla.; Mrs. Mary Bruning, 223 E. Second St., Milford, Del. (of churches); Flora Bennett, RR 2, Lenox, Iowa (of churches); Mrs. Virginia T. Rowley, 8640 Oakleigh Rd., Baltimore 14, Md. (of churches); Dessie Kerr, 1217 W. Healey, Champaign, Ill.; Lois Davidson, Star Route Box 42, Hemet, Calif.; Mrs. Marie Winegardner, R. 1, Harrod, Ohio.

Daniel V. Taylor, 3 E. Market, Newport 4, Del. (of state flowers); Caren J. Estes, 1601 79th Ave., Oakland, Calif.; Sandra Bridges, 819 Franklin St., Columbus, Ind.; Nancy Taylor, 3 E. Market St., Newport 4, Del. (of flowers, state maps).



Pssst! Not now, Charlie—you can look for the rare coins after the service!

POSTER STAMPS: Mrs. W. T. Ovind, 239 E. South Temple, Salt Lake City 11, Utah.

RAISING PULLETS: Mrs. Lulu L. Core, R. 2, West Liberty, Ohio.

ROCKS: Dinah Lee Baer, 206 Spruce, Dumas, Tex.; LeRoy G. Diederik, 2022 S. 102nd, Tacoma 99, Wash. (also cuts stones).

RUGS: Nina G. Barger, 120 Roe Rd., Paradise, Calif. (hooked, braided); Mrs. Nellie Thompson, 11 Cherry St., Brookville, Pa.

SEA SHELLS: Mrs. W. D. McClellan, Box 57, LaVerne, Calif.; Ava Willey, Box 182, Preston, Md.

STUFFED TOYS: Mrs. George D. Athey, 422 Columbia Ave., Williamstown, W.Va. (making them); Marsha Lewis, 221 Topeka Ave., Topeka, Kan. (animals); Mrs. Arnold Steller, 208 Washington St., North Manchester, Ind.

SUGAR BOWLS & CREAMERS: Mrs. Gerald A. Zeran, Box 444, Rockford, Iowa.

THIMBLES: Mrs. Ken Evans, RR 1, Box 293, Terre Haute, Ind.

TOY TRAINS: William H. Larkin, 138 E. Louden St., Philadelphia 20, Pa.

TRIVETS: Mrs. Lottie Grimes, RD 1, Rome, N.Y.

UNUSUAL NAMES: Glenna Basore, Box 425, Granville, Ohio.

VACATIONS: Mrs. J. V. Croker, 1326 Fairview, Wichita, Kan.

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Mike Gaines (12), 312 Wall St., Winchester, Ind.; Nathan Martin, Jr. (12), 1326 Dewey St., Anderson, Ind.; Nancy Wiand (10), 26 Oak St., Cottonwood Falls, Kan.; Paula McSpadden (16), 4952 Third Ave., S., Minneapolis 9, Minn.; Shirley Claycamp (18), Rice, Kan.; Patricia Bittner (13), RR 2, Westwood, New Castle, Ind.; Janice Gault (13), Box 281, Monitor, Wash.; Valerie Hagen (7), R. 2, Box 192-E, Everett, Wash.; Betty Callison (14), Carter, Mont.; Martha Ellen Garrett (17), RFD 4, Eaton, Ohio.

Janie Murphree (15), R. 1, Waverly, Tenn.; Nancy Farmer (15), 502 Chestnut St., Scottdale, Pa.; Dale Gault (10), Box 281, Monitor, Wash.; Penny Sterns (15), 2815 Avenue A, Council Bluffs, Iowa; Joanne Grant (13), 14 S. Riegel Ave., Ware Shoals, S.C.; Marilyn Storrer (14), RR 2, Madison, Kan.; Janet Garrett (13), RR 4, Eaton, Ohio; Betty Grant (11), 14 S. Riegel Ave., Ware Shoals, S.C.; Barbara Campbell (12), 245 Hepburn St., Milton, Pa.; Monna Casey (16), RR 1, Dufur, Ore.; Elwanda Madeline Fager (8), R. 1, Box 109, Henderson, Iowa.

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Joyce Goodwin (16), RR 1, Rockwell City, Iowa; Kathleen Ford (14), 204 High St., Hampton, N.H.; Wanda Austin (16), Canton, Minn.; Jeanne Moore (12), Box 903, Minden, Nev.; Elaine (14) and Anne (15) Henry, Fern Ave., Blackwood Terrace, N.J.

When the paralyzing blizzard struck, an SOS went out to the Methodist minister on:

Mission in the Mohawk

THE BIG SNOW hit Albany County, N.Y., on a Saturday. Quickly, roads were blocked, hundreds of families isolated in the hills above Voorheesville. Snowplows bogged down in drifts, 20 feet high in many areas of the Mohawk Valley.

By Tuesday night the food and fuel situation was critical. The Red Cross put in a call to the Rev. Walter E. Taylor, pastor of First Methodist Church and disaster chairman at Voorheesville. "Wally, we must have 25 bundles of food by seven o'clock tomorrow morning."

Taylor looked at his watch. It was eight o'clock; stores were closed. But he promised: "We'll do it."

He went to work. Lights went on in darkened stores as merchants left their warm homes in response to his calls. Volunteers—many from Taylor's 450-member church, the only Protestant house of worship in town—made their way to the Red Cross disaster center in a garage.

For four hectic days and nights, the parson stuck to his post. Three helicopters—giant, two-rotor Flying Bananas lent to the Red Cross by the Air Force—delivered more than 200 sacks of food, over 500 gallons of fuel oil.

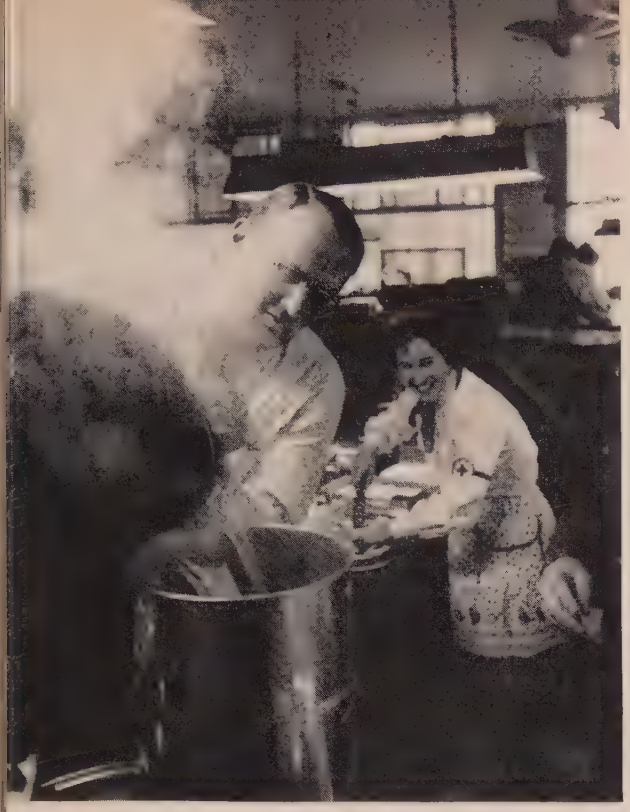
By Saturday the crisis was over. On Sunday morning the preacher entered the pulpit and preached a sermon he had planned for weeks. The subject: "Pride," one of man's "Seven Deadly Sins." During the week he had seen a modern version of the parable of the good Samaritan.

"It was a wonderful thing," he told his congregation, "to see how so many of you were willing and eager to put in long hours of selfless service to others in this emergency. You have given a true demonstration of self-forgetfulness."

***Mapping** the drops: Taylor (right) works with Mrs. Sydney Vunck, local volunteer, and Red Cross executive Dexter Gallusa.*

***Special care** is taken by the Rev. Walter Taylor as he helps load this 50-pound bag into a helicopter. The sack contains food for an eight-months-old infant whose parents have been snowbound in the hills.*

***Busy days** and sleepless nights are the rule as vital food and fuel pour into a storage room at disaster headquarters. Taylor (left) checks contents of bags ready for emergency distribution. The blizzard resulted in hardship to some 1,800 families in the area.*



***Chief coffee maker** is the pastor who, with Mrs. Vunck (background), prepared meals for dozens of Red Cross and other workers helping at the Voorheesville disaster center.*

***Back at the church,** pastor soothes a boy whose home was burned before blizzard. Child had been staying with the Taylors, visited Sunday school for the first time.*

***Story time** for children precedes Taylor's first sermon after disaster. By now, things are returning to normal.*

ORGANIZATIONS
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NEWS of the world parish

CHURCHMEN ASK BAN ON NUCLEAR BOMB TESTS

Should nuclear-bomb tests be banned? That was debated pro *and* con in TOGETHER's *Powwow* in November, 1956. Since Soviet Russia's announcement that she is suspending such tests, it has become an even hotter issue.

Many American churchmen deplore U.S. reluctance to take such a step—as has long been urged by the central committee of the World Council of Churches. Last November the Methodist Board of World Peace appealed to the U.S. to give bold leadership on bomb-banning through the UN.

The Rev. Daniel E. Taylor of that board also spoke out after Russia announced suspension of bomb tests.

While agreeing that the U.S. missed a golden opportunity, he cautioned against decrying or deriding the Soviet statement. "If we do, we lose stature among the nations," he asserts. "Nor should our leaders passively await events to see how Russia will follow this up.

"We cannot presume to appraise all the motivations involved in such a decision since USSR policies are not openly arrived at in the manner of free democracies. But it behooves us in Christian charity to expect practice to jibe with pronouncement unless events prove otherwise."

Taylor urged U.S. action "to burst open the stalemate and open up channels leading to arms limitation and further safeguards of peace."

Daily more voices are being heard. Dr. George MacLeod, moderator of the Church of Scotland's General Assembly, protested a government statement that the United Kingdom might use nuclear weapons if Russia launches a major attack with conventional arms. And in Germany, Protestant youth leaders spoke out against atomic armaments for the West German Army.

In New Haven and Philadelphia, pacifist marchers set out on a week-long walk to the UN. On the West Coast, the 30-foot ketch, *Golden Rule,* sponsored by a pacifist group, sailed for the Pacific test area near Eniwetok. Newest crew member is a Methodist, Orion Sherwood, 28, a Poughkeepsie, N.Y., science teacher.

And in Ohio and Minnesota, nearly 2,000 pastors, many of them Methodists, mailed appeals to President Eisenhower to cancel the Pacific tests scheduled to run until August.

Also, a resolution from the Wisconsin Annual Conference world peace committee, urging President Eisenhower to seek an international testing ban, has been inserted in *The Congressional Record* by Sen. William E. Proxmire.

Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washington, D.C., (center) enjoys a joke with President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles at a conference of U.S. organizations seeking liberal international-trade policies. Bishop Oxnam offered the invocation.

harge Ads 'Brainwash' Public

Methodists and other Protestant roups are backing Congressmen who ould curb liquor advertising.

Prohibition of interstate transmission liquor advertisements by newspapers, agazines, radio, and TV is urged in a ill sponsored by Sen. William Langer R.-N.D.). A similar bill has been inoduced in the House of Representaves by Rep. Eugene Siler (R.-Ky.).

Meanwhile, a new Methodist statement has denounced "continued inasion of the American home by liquor dvertisers who seek to indoctrinate ven our children."

Dr. Caradine R. Hooton, Board of emperance general secretary and presient of the interdenominational Committee on Alcohol Problems, charged hat liquor advertisers spend more than 400 million a year for time and space o "brainwash the American public." his, he added, does not cover the "fanastic production costs of television commercials and full-color printed advertisements."

Also supporting the anti-liquor advertising bills are: American and Southrn Baptist Conventions, Assemblies of God, Augustana Lutherans, Church of ne Brethren, Church of Jesus Christ f Latter-Day Saints (Mormons), hurch of the Nazarene, Disciples of hrist, Evangelical Lutheran, Five Year leeting of Friends, Presbyterian U.S. nd U.S.A., Reformed Church in Amer-. Seventh-day Adventists, United hurch of Christ, and the United Presyterian Church of North America.

Amendments Now Law

Three new amendments now are part The Methodist Church's constitu-on.

Major interest has focused on one hich, in effect, is a new system of voluntary integration. It makes it easier for urches and annual conferences in the ntral (Negro) Jurisdiction to transr to white annual conferences and risdictions. Every transfer requires a wo-thirds vote of all parties.

Other changes double the number of ay representatives to annual conferences from many large churches, and aise the maximum number of delegates o General Conference, meeting once very four years, from 800 to 900.

These new laws, proposed at the 1956 General Conference, cleared the last urdle when the Council of Bishops anvassed votes from 127 annual conerences and declared the amendments n full effect. Members approved the peedier transfer procedure, 21,064 to .623. The other two also passed by verwhelming majorities.

The bishops, originally scheduled to meet in Havana, moved their meeting o Miami because of Cuba's revolution. Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam, Washing-

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by

YEAR'S END

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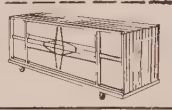
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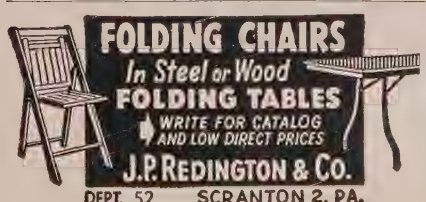

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A change of fortune hurts a wise man no more than a change of the moon—B. Franklin

MAY hath XXXI days — 5th Month

A good name is rather to be chosen
than great riches,
And loving favor rather than silver
and gold.—Proverbs

15	Th	Gas rationing empties U.S. highways, 1942
16	Fr	Bread prices soar to 6c a loaf, 1898
17	Sa	Information Please starts quiz trend, 1938
18	S	Aldersgate Sunday
19	M	*A prosperous fool is a grievous burden*
20	Tu	Revised New Testament published, 1881 1st day's sales: 4½ million!
21	W	Clara Barton founds American Red Cross, 1881
22	Th	*Men are used as they use others*
23	Fr	John D. Rockefeller, 97, d., 1937 He gave away $700 million!
24	Sa	Brooklyn Bridge opens, 1883 ☛
25	S	World Service Sunday
26	M	Robert Morris' bank plan approved, 1781
27	Tu	Chicago's 1st elevated trains rumble, 1892
28	W	Fleets of little boats cross Channel, Evacuate British troops, Dunkirk, 1940
29	Th	Wisconsin admitted to Union, 1848
30	Fr	Memorial Day
31	Sa	Walt Whitman b., 1819

■ Brooklyn Bridge, connecting Brooklyn and Manhattan, was designed by John A. Roebling, who was fatally injured while directing its construction. His son finished the job. It cost $15 million—and probably has been "sold" to gullible visitors more times than any other bridge—sometimes for as low as $1.

JUNE hath XXX days — 6th Month

To the church in the morning and there
saw a wedding . . . and the young people so
merry with one another!—Pepys Diary

1	S	International Shut-ins' Day
2	M	Elizabeth II crowned queen, 1953
3	Tu	Wm. Harvey d., 1657 He discovered blood circulation
4	W	"Onward Christian Soldiers" sung, 1865 ☛
5	Th	*Sit loosely in the saddle of life*
6	F	U.S. abolishes imprisonment for debt, 1798
7	Sa	Furlough Missionary Conf., Greencastle, Ind.
8	S	Methodist Student Day
9	M	*When men speak ill of thee,* *live so as nobody will believe them*
10	Tu	Dutch settlers reach Manhattan, 1610
11	W	Comstock Lode found, Nevada, 1859
12	Th	First naval battle of Revolution, 1775
13	Fr	1st doughboys sail from New York, 1917
14	S	G. K. Chesterton d., 1936

■ Words to "Onward Christian Soldiers" were written by the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould for the children of his parish in a Whit Monday march. They sang it to a theme from Hayden's "Symphony in D". But in 1871 English composer Sir Arthur Sullivan of the famous Gilbert and Sullivan light-opera team ("H. M. S. Pinafore", & "Mikado"), was so inspired by the message that he composed the stirring tune now used throughout Christendom.

ton, D.C., took office as council pre
dent. Elected to succeed him next ye
was Bishop Marvin A. Franklin, Jac
son, Miss.

The council tapped Bishop Willia
C. Martin, Dallas, Tex., to deliver t
episcopal address at the 1960 Gener
Conference in Denver. This messag
comparable in purpose to the Pre
dent's State of the Union message,
issued over the signatures of all t
bishops and delivered on opening da

Seek UN Space Authority

Methodists in Hawaii are calling f
creation of a UN authority to contr
space exploration.

At its 53rd annual meeting, t
church recommended the UN be giv
"ultimate regulatory powers over
space carriers of either man or mat
rial."

Delegates also urged the U.S.
"take the moral leadership" in draftin
a plan to limit atomic-bomb tests. On
those tests which do not risk physic
welfare would be permitted under th
plan.

In other resolutions, delegates urg
curbs on Sunday commercializatio
and all forms of gambling, and tot
abstinence from beverage alcohol
church members.

Officials reported membership in
Methodist churches in Hawaii i
creased by 643 to 4,275 in 1957.

1 in 8 a Tither

In Minnesota, one family in eig
tithes.

Survey takers have learned this in
state-wide sampling. They found c
lege-educated Minnesotans most
clined to give a tenth of their incon
to church and charity. Thirteen p
cent of Minnesota Protestant famili
tithe, the researchers disclosed, co
pared with seven per cent of Roma
Catholic families.

In another quarter—Texas—o
Methodist official board has announc
that all 19 of its members tithe. T
church is a rural one, Eureka Churc
in Corsicana District.

Uruguay Still Resists Church

Methodists in Uruguay are celebra
ing their 80th year of uphill strugg
in what one Methodist leader, the Re
Hugh C. Stuntz of Montevideo, ca
the most secular country in the Weste
hemisphere. The government, churc
men stress, makes no acknowled
ment of religion and the people large
ignore it.

In this setting, where Easter We
is "Tourist Week" and Christm
"Family Day," Methodists are launc
ing a campaign to increase church me
bership and raise $100,000 for soci
and religious work. Half the mon
will go toward a Goodwill Industri
building.

SHOPS URGE RESH APPRAISAL

In a message to The Methodist urch, the Council of Bishops has led for a fresh look at current U.S. reign policy and religious thought. Two changes, says the council, could stly alter the course of events.

1. The idealism of the American ople that sparked the Declaration of dependence and Constitution must come dominant in a revised U.S. reign policy—one where concern r the welfare of all men is made abunntly clear.

2. Much current religious thought ust rid itself of defeatism and pessiism. The Christian faith holds that e conquers, that hearts can be rangely warmed, that both new men d a new society are possible here d now.

On international policy, the bishops y:

"Politically, we appear to have lost e initiative. Others act and we reond. We tend to think primarily in rms of security and of defense.

"'The strength requisite to security essential. Nevertheless, when our ajor concern is defense and we moilize our thinkers and our scientists this end, we may survive for a time, t we shall never win the war for e minds of men.

"'Instead of telling the peoples of the orld that our economic aid is given cause we are children of our Father d because we want a peaceful world, advise them that such aid is in our n national interest and for the purse of maintaining our own security. ey take us at our word.

'No wonder the children of God ose skins are black or brown or low march with the Communist who s there is no color barrier among mmunists.

Hi! Can Billy come out and play now?"

"Political policies based upon the philosophy of the market place are not likely to eventuate in the good will and the mutual respect that a family of peaceful nations requires."

On current theology, the bishops say:

"We discuss the theme 'Jesus Christ, the Hope of the World' but many seem to have lost hope.

"John Wesley was not a man to underestimate the sinfulness of man, but he knew man could be redeemed. Now, however, a strange theology has been infiltrating our thought. It results in passive and patient acceptance of injustice and of exploitation and calls upon man to await God's good time. . .

"Methodism needs a neo-Wesleyanism. 'The personal knowledge of the love of God and of its transforming power in human life is the creative source of Methodism. The Gospel which historic Methodism proclaimed was the Gospel of Salvation from sin; and salvation meant not only forgiveness of past sins but a new relationship which brings the assurance of final victory over everything that comes between man and God.'

"We are not called upon to lead our people to theological air-raid shelters. It is our obligation to call them to an altar where in encounter with the Eternal, the forgiving love of the Father may be experienced and Christ may be heard again to say, 'Follow Me.'"

Christian Faces Science Age

What is the Christian's economic responsibility in an industrial age?

The Board of Social and Economic Relations and six other Methodist agencies have decided to mull over the problem next fall. "The Church in the Working World" will be the theme of their national conference, Oct. 3-Nov. 2 in the Sheraton-Gibson Hotel, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Representatives from management, ownership, labor and other groups will speak.

Protestants Duck Politics

Protestants are neglecting their responsibility in politics. What's more, when they do try to influence decisions involving moral issues they are ineffective.

So charges Dr. E. Clinton Gardner, Candler School of Theology (Emory University, Ga.) professor of Christian ethics.

At a conference on church and politics sponsored by the Board of Temperance, he assailed the "widespread tendency to regard politics as a dirty business," something to avoid.

"What is needed," he declared, "is not cynicism and self-righteous withdrawal by Christians, but more concern and participation in political life."

Gardner pointed out that many

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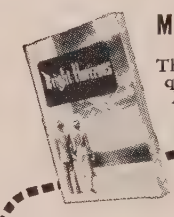

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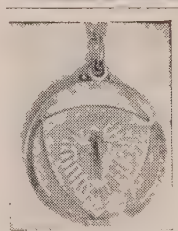

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Christians believe their only duty i voting. But, by ignoring party caucuses conventions, and organization of sup port for candidates, they never get in volved in the real process of policy formation.

Gardner also scored those person who "merely cast a protest vote for third-party candidate with no chance of winning . . .

"By failing to organize their strength and reconstruct a corrupt order, they share the responsibility for the per petuation of the corruption."

Youth Wants to Know!

"Is kissing wrong?"

Teen-agers sought Christian answer to questions like this in an interdenom inational study course in Corydon, Ind

In this case, a physician answered Kissing is not wrong, he held, if it is matter of friendship. "But if it is use for arousing sexual tensions betwee unmarried people, it can lead to muc grief and is therefore obviously wrong."

The Harrison County Ministerial As sociation started the course to offset sus pected lack of common-sense guidanc in Christian attitudes offered by th home, church, school, and communit organizations.

The 250 attendance far exceeded ex pectations. Six sessions were held, wit discussions on love, marriage, and othe human relations.

The physician, Dr. David J. Duke emphasized that monogamy and mari tal fidelity are vital to sound civiliza tion. He advised teen-agers, "Lean o your parents for advice, or, if you nee to, talk with your physician or minis ter."

Catholics Snub Baccalaureate

The thorny issue of high-school bac calaureate services is back in the news It involves Roman Catholic student attending religious-type services in non Catholic settings. Catholics are forbid den to attend services in non-Catholi churches.

In Portland, Me., Roman Catholi students and their parents have bee ordered not to attend services whethe in schools, churches, or other meetin places. Catholic Bishop Daniel J. Free ney ruled that the "format" of thes ceremonies "is always New Englan Congregationalism" and violates th conscience of "those who are not proc ucts of this tradition."

Three Minneapolis high schools hav substituted dedication programs fo baccalaureate services. Five others sti call their events baccalaureates but the are, in effect, nonreligious.

And at Moundsville, W.Va., wher last year 22 Catholics in the graduatin class sat out commencement exercise as spectators, the school board is mak ing attendance at baccalaureate service optional.

The Wicked Flea

"Sour godliness is the devil's religion"
—JOHN WESLEY

Morning services of the University ethodist Church at Austin, Tex., osed recently with the postlude, *eepers, Awake!*
—IMA B. PAYNE, *Austin, Tex.*

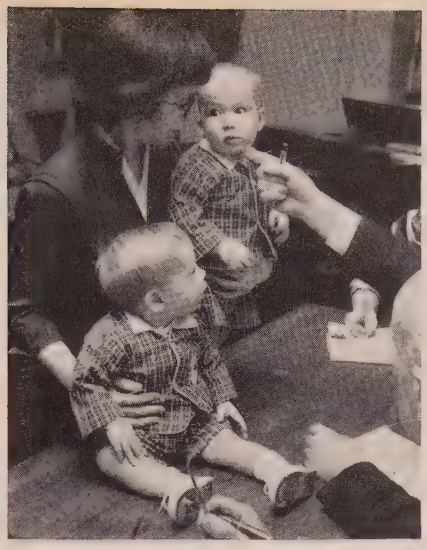
After church one Sunday, a woman the congregation turned to her hus- nd and asked, "Did you notice the inchilla coat on the woman sitting st ahead of us, dear?"
Her husband blushed. "Er—no. fraid I dozed."
"Well!" his wife said, huffily. "A t of good the service did you!"
—MRS. OLLIE M. BRINKS, *Sunland, Calif.*

Notice in a church bulletin: "There ill be a church picnic Thursday ternoon. If it rains in the afternoon, e picnic will be held in the morn- g."
—MRS. H. HINDMAN, *Albion, Pa.*

n Sunday school, a teacher was dis- ssing sin. "Can anyone tell me," she ed, "what we must do before we forgiven for our sins?"
A moment's silence. Then came a dish voice, hopefully:
"Sin?"
—FRANCES BENSON, *Holly, Colo.*

All through life, the violent-tempered oman had henpecked her husband, uarreled with her neighbors, scolded er children. Now the preacher was nducting funeral services for her. He d just started to speak when, out of e dark sky, flashed a fiery bolt of ghtning and a deafening roar of under.
One mourner nudged another. Well," he announced. "I see she got ere all right."
CHARLES MATHIS, *Wildwood-by-the-Sea, N.J.*

Send in your favorite church-related huckle. If we print it, you'll receive 5. Sorry—no contributions can be re- rned.—EDS.



"Chips off the old block": that's what Boston University judges call twin sons of Mr. and Mrs. David L. Popplewell, Fall River, Mass. The boys are among 40 youngsters of School of Theology students competing at annual baby show—where every tot wins a title.

Are Sunday Schools Napping?

Weekday religious instruction is more effective than Sunday schools, a Virginia church leader believes.

He commended the weekday "released time" plan at a recent meeting of religious educators in Omaha, Neb. Under the program, pupils are excused from public-school classes, usually one hour a week, to attend religious classes in churches or other buildings outside school property.

Dr. Minor C. Miller, executive secretary, Virginia Council of Churches, said that in his state less than half the children from 6 to 16 are enrolled in Sunday schools "after three centuries of separate denominational effort."

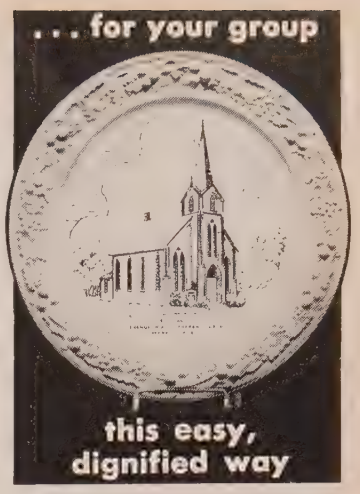
But in communities offering weekday instruction, 95 per cent attend religious classes.

Dr. Frederick H. Ohlert of Kansas City, Mo., added that one third of pupils enrolled in released-time classes are unchurched.

But the released-time idea has its problems. In Sierra Madre, Calif., for example, the school board recently voted against a released-time proposal for the second time. A Methodist pastor, the Rev. Chilton C. McPheeters, has been a leading advocate of the plan.

Too, the idea of released time is competing with other proposals for bringing religious values to school children. Roman Catholics and some others say a better answer lies in pushing parochial schools, with aid from public funds. Many Protestant leaders, however, oppose this and are working to bolster public schools as the mainstay of U.S. education. They suggest that religious training come from the home, church (including released time), and from the

RAISE MONEY



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teaching of moral and spiritual values in public schools.

In the *International Journal of Religious Education* (official education journal of the National Council of Churches), six leading Christian educators have branded the controversy as needless.

Discover Old Methodist Papers

Valuable Methodist historical documents have been unearthed from the basement of Vanderbilt University's divinity school, Nashville, Tenn.

Dr. Bard Thompson, associate professor of church history, found the papers in an old safe below the school's Wesley Hall. The safe apparently had not been opened since it was saved from a fire which destroyed the old hall 26 years ago.

The material included:

1. Pamphlets of sermons, hymns, and discourses of John Wesley, founder of Methodism, and others. They were published during Wesley's lifetime and are thought to be first editions.

2. A letter written by Francis Asbury, America's pioneer Methodist bishop.

3. A diary (covering May 7, 1790-Feb. 18, 1791), notebooks, and sermons of William McKendree. Most of the material dates from before he was elected bishop.

4. An 1802 letter from Thomas Coke, one of Wesley's close associates in England. He came to America in 1784 to help organize Methodism in this country.

Score U.S. Immigration

Leaders of the refugee-resettlement programs of eight Protestant denominations want "basic changes" in the U.S. immigration law.

They're asking Congress to:

1. Finish the Hungarian program by receiving 3,000 additional refugees of the 19,000 Hungarians still in Austria.

2. Bring the basis of the quota system up to date by substituting the 1950 census for the 1920 census.

3. Give priorities to close relatives of U.S. citizens or residents, to skilled workers in arts, science, and industry, and to escapees, persecutees, and refugees.

4. Give fuller support and leadership to the UN refugee program and the Intergovernmental Committee for European Migration.

Immigration legislation passed by Congress last September only partly revised the basic law, the churchmen say. In their view it is increasingly urgent to revise the McCarran-Walter Act of 1952. They especially deplore the national origins quota system.

Methodists are represented by Dr. Gaither P. Warfield, general secretary, Methodist Committee for Overseas Relief.

Bishop, Editor Guests at Fair

Two American Methodists will preach at the Protestant Pavilion at the Brussels World's Fair this summer.

Bishop Arthur J. Moore, Atlanta, Ga., will speak July 20, and Dr. T. Otto Nall, editor, *The New Christian Advocate*, July 27.

Half of the American share ($100,000) for financing the glass-and-aluminum structure has been raised, according to Charles C. Parlin, Methodist layman and co-chairman of the U.S. section of the fair's International Christian Committee. Parlin hopes to raise the remaining $50,000 before the fair closes in October.

NEWS DIGEST . . .

CHURCH FORCES LOSE. Gardena, a Los Angeles suburb, has voted, 3-1, to keep its gambling clubs. The vote was a defeat for the Civic Improvement League, which has been fighting to rid the town of legalized gambling, and one of its leaders, the Rev. Sanford Sweet, Methodist pastor. Under California law any city can license draw-poker parlors but Gardena is said to be the only one which has done it on such an elaborate scale.

HONOR FOR PUBLISHER. Lovick Pierce, president and publisher of the Methodist Publishing House, is one of 50 leaders in mass-media communications who will serve as honorary chairmen of the University of Missouri school of journalism's 50th anniversary. The event begins in August.

WIDE-OPEN SPACES. The nearest church may be 60 miles away, but isolated families in South Dakota, Montana, and Wyoming get their Sunday-school lessons anyway, thanks to a new Methodist program of radio broadcasts and mail lessons.

FRENCH PAYS OFF. Her concentrated study of French language and customs has won for Methodist Katherine Jane Lyles, 19, of Shreveport, La., a job as honor guide at the Brussels World's Fair. She'll be overseas 28 weeks.

CIVIC-MINDED EDITOR. Alexander Nunn, an Alabama Methodist who has given outstanding service to civic activities, agriculture, and church, is one of seven 1958 national winners in the 4-H alumni-recognition program. He is vice-president and executive editor of the Progressive Farmer Co., Birmingham.

25 TO 1. In 1957, it took 25 Methodists to win one new member on profession of faith, a study now reveals. Total Methodist membership last year: 9,566,629. Number who joined on "profession": 378,031.

Shopping TOGETHER

Looking for presents, practical things? These items are recommended. You must be satisfied or these shops will refund your money when you return items promptly (except personalized). Please enclose payment.

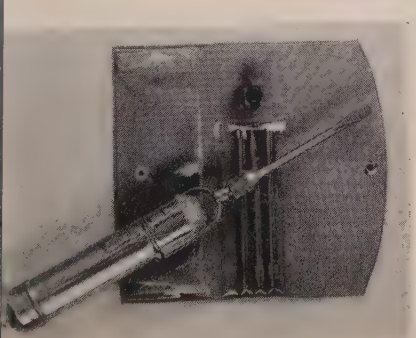
Safety Handles — Putting up screens? Washing walls? Storing winter things? For "safety first," you need *Steady Grips*. These tubular steel handles add 14 inches to height and reach, yet provide rigid hand holds. Do away with awkward stretching, balancing. Just step up, hang on. Handles screw on, off easily, fit any size wood or aluminum stepladder. $2.39 pair. *Steven Donay Co., Dept. T, 2940 S. 38th St., Milwaukee, Wis.*

"Aye-Aye" Style—Set your course, me hearties! With this *Grand Mariner compass ensemble*, you can. Whether Dad, or the graduate, is a landlubber or a sea lover, they'll put a shipshape finish to his suit. Tastefully designed with real compasses set in sterling. Lady mariners love the cuff links for ship or shore blouses. Links, $10; clasp, $9. Both, $18.65 (tax inc.). *Young Co., Dept. T, 7640 N. Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill.*

ain Coverage—A small invest-ent will bring you the best insur-ce you can get against cloudbursts. a small 3x4 in. package you'll keep ur full-length plastic *Rain Wrap*. s full enough to wrap about you, ur hat, and purse, and even a few ckages. Made especially for emer-ncies, it fits into your pocket, purse, glove compartment. 98¢; 3 for .75. *Gorham Sales Co., 3337 Wil-ire Blvd., Los Angeles 5, Calif.*

Delft Blue Wedding Tile—Here's romantic practicality—a special tile for the bride to put under her first plate of biscuits. Later the newlyweds will hang it on the wall, for it shows their names, date and city of their wedding, time they said "I do." Painted by ceramists in Holland; 6 in. square; 4-6 weeks delivery. Print full names, date, time, city. $2.95. *Buckley's Imports, Dept. T, 734 17th St., Santa Monica, Calif.*

iver Mark—A meaningful gift your graduate might be his very n *sterling book clip*—subtle com-ment to his reading choices. Or it kes a treasured memento for a nd. The 2½-in. clip is engraved h 2 or 3 initials, rhodium-plated to event tarnishing. Specify cross with uare top, crest, or round. Print. nderline initial of last name. $1.25. ilo Fashions, 58XE Buffum St., ynn, Mass.*



Work Light-ener—If Dad complains that he can't see when he's fixing things, he needs this *flashlight-screwdriver kit*. While mending a light plug, or working on car or hobby, he can put light on his subject. Vinyl case is fitted with 6-in. chrome flashlight with removable bracket for four interchangeable screwdriver blades (2 regular, 2 Phillips head). $2.50. *Gayle's, Dept. T, 440 W. 24th St., New York.*

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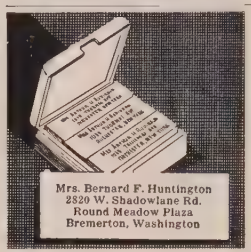

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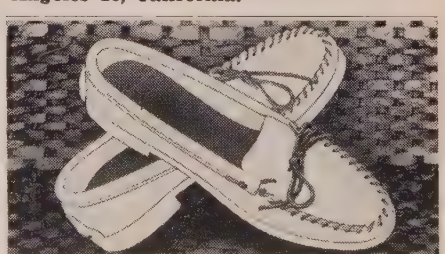

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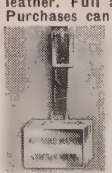

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Dr. Evelyn Duvall, left, with daughter, Joy, collaborator.

Let's Get Acquainted

CAR DATING, a lively topic in almost any household, is given a thorough airing in *What's What About Car Dating?* (page 22). This is a chapter from **Dr. Evelyn Millis Duvall's** new book, *The Art of Dating* (Association Press, $2.50), and was written in collaboration with her daughter, Joy. In private life, Joy is a mother whose son has a while to wait before he worries about car dating. He is "crowding two."

Dr. Duvall has written many other books and pamphlets. Regional consultant for the American Institute of Family Relations, and of more similar groups than space permits listing, Dr. Duvall knows her subject—as you'll agree when you read her article.

●

Some flying-saucer students believe the moon is already occupied. Maybe it is, maybe it isn't. In any event, **Sir Leslie Munro's** question, *Who Should Own the Moon?,* asked on page 10, is thoughtfully answered by a Methodist bishop, the scientist who put Vanguard into orbit, and a U.S. senator.

Bishop Marvin A. Franklin of Jackson, Miss., analyzes the spiritual problems—and states the answers. John P. Hagen, Project Vanguard director, speaks for science. And Sen. John Sparkman (D.-Ala.) takes up the legal aspects. Here is a unique *Powwow* on a subject sure to be front-page news soon.

●

Read **Lewis Nordyke's** *They Call Them 'Methodist Cows'* (page 31). Then see if you don't find yourself wondering whether Methodists, too, aren't perhaps bigger and better in Texas. Nordyke has done countless articles for national magazines—but one of his biggest thrills came when he wrote this feature about the "giants" of the Methodist Foundation, who do so much yet seek no credit. They're interested only in doing good for God. Nordyke's comment: "I've never seen a better example of practical religion."

Books also bear Nordyke's name. He is the author of *John Wesley Hardin* (Morrow, $4) and, more recently, *The Truth About Texas* (Crowell, $3.95).

OUR CAMERA CLIQUE

One of our two reader-participation features, *Crusade to Cuba* (page 75), was shot by Methodist pastors who, at our request, took their cameras along to a recent International Evangelistic Crusade in Cuba. The shots were selected from over 400 transparencies. Photos for the second, *The Christian Family* (page 35), were snapped by eight enthusiastic shutterbugs. As for *Mission in the Mohawk* (page 63)—well, **George Moffett** was snowbound in northern New York. He began making photos of relief efforts. The result? A fascinating—and meaningful—pictorial.

TOGETHER photo credits for this issue follow:

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nding in Havana is Bishop John W. Branscomb, leader in an effort to win at least 10,000 Cubans for Christ by 1960.

Crusade to Cuba

***Greetings,** Methodists. This sign at the entrance to Saint Paul's Church in Camaguey, tells about the crusade services led by Pastor Victor Rankin.*

PROTESTANTISM is making real rides these days in Cuba. One big rea- on is the yearly visit of some 100 Methodist ministers and laymen from he United States.

Despite an explosive political situa- on on the island, 122 ministers and ight laymen recently spent two weeks f evangelizing among the Cubans.

They preached in thatched-roofed hapels in the cane fields, in the dusty treets of the back-country towns, in rowded city churches, and in hundreds f the island's simple, primitive homes.

To many who scarcely knew it ex- sted, these crusaders brought the Word f God.

It was a rugged, even danger-filled wo weeks. Everywhere there was the anguage barrier. In one case, a minister sed a pencil to communicate his ser- non: "A pencil is no good without a

***Crusading** by jeep. Bishop Branscomb's party comes to Canamosa for the dedication of a chapel.*

Songs so familiar *in U. S. Sunday-school classes are heard in Cuba, too. Miss Carroll English, term missionary, teaches one to youngsters. Visitors are the Rev. Ralph Houston, Miami (left), and the Rev. Merton B. Green, Oelwein, Iowa.*

point. It has an eraser. There's a divine eraser, too, who rubs out all of our sins. And no pencil is any good without a guiding hand." That congregation will never forget the sermon of the pencil.

To complicate matters further, Cuba — all during the crusade — was struggling with its long and serious revolt. Often those who came long distances to hear God's Word did so at personal risk.

But at crusade's end, nearly 500 Cubans had joined The Methodist Church, while 2,357 were enrolled in membership-training classes. Coupled

Students crowd close *to hear Celia Rizo, teacher in one of Methodism's many elementary and secondary schools.*

ith previous evangelizing in Cuba, is is significant news. Since the first usade (this was the eighth) member- ip in The Cuban Methodist Church s doubled and congregations tripled. oday there are more than 9,000 Meth- lists and 225 congregations, 116 urches and chapels.

Nor is this the whole story.

Church officials say the crusade has engthened the hand of Cuba's pastors d lay leaders and further tightened e bonds between the Cuban and U.S. urches. For instance, the American ethodists in this two-week period ained more than 400 Cuban laymen

To thatched-roofed homes Pastor J. Hugh Cummings, of Williamstown, W. Va., carries the gospel message. This family lives on Cuba's adjoining Isle of Pines.

Palm-leaf church. *Dotting the island are scores of rustic chapels and churches, such as this one at Baguanos, built entirely of palm leaves.*

Methodism's growth. *One sure sign in Cuba is more new church construction. San Marcos Methodists now are underwriting this one located at Buenos Aires.*

ho, in turn, made some 6,500 evan- listic visits to neighbors, friends, and rangers—on their own! Finally, the sitation gave the U.S. evangelists a gger view of Methodism and its orld mission.

The Cuba Crusade was sponsored intly by the Board of Evangelism nd Board of Missions, and under the uspices of Bishop John W. Branscomb f Jacksonville, Fla. Cuba is part of ne church's Jacksonville area, which ishop Branscomb heads.

For photos on these pages, TOGETHER *is indebted to ese lens-clicking "Cuban Crusaders"—Bishop John . Branscomb, Jacksonville, Fla., and pastors Frank obinson, Jr. and Paul M. Stewart, Orlando, Fla.; lbert C. Cole, Gary, Ind.; J. Hugh Cummings, illiamstown, W. Va., and Harold R. Weaver, elaware, Ohio. To them, and to all other co-operating Crusaders," a deep thank you.*—EDS.

"Meets life head on"—"Offers real spiritual guidance" —"presents an interesting approach to vital subjects." Such comments explain why TOGETHER has won the enthusiastic interest of teen agers and young adults to whom Methodism's new magazine has been made available.

Yes, American youth does read! And if quality publications that speak their language and meet their needs are not at hand, they naturally turn to less desirable ones. Young people *are* interested in thoughtful and inspirational reading. Is your church meeting this challenge and opportunity?

The only way of insuring delivery of TOGETHER to every home of your church is through the All Family Plan. The charter rate is still being offered, only 50¢ a quarter billed to the church, thus saving 33% from the regular $3.00 a year subscription rate. And if your church is already using the All Family Plan (7000 are), why not include your local public and school libraries on your TOGETHER list? Ask your pastor how simply this may be done.

Harry L. Laws of Manassas, Virginia, a student at Methodist related American University, discovers through the pages of TOGETHER that the church's message is as valid for Rocket Age living as it was 2000 years ago.

For every Methodist family

Together

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